

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

VOL. X.]

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1822.

[NO. 11.]

AN ARCTIC WINTER.

(From the London Time's Telescope, Jan. 1822.)

PHENOMENA AND NATURAL HISTORY OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

IN the volumes of Time's Telescope, for the years 1820 and 21, we have given some curious particulars of the extraordinary effects produced by *frost*, *snow*, *ice*, and *cold*, in the frozen regions of the North; we now resume the subject, and present our readers with the result of our gleanings from the interesting volume of CAPT. PARRY, whose '*Journal of a Voyage in Search of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific*' will form a noble monument (*cere perennius*) of the enterprise and talent of the author, and of the undaunted conduct and persevering industry of his companions. Captain Parry's account of the many singular facts which he collected, and the observations made by himself and officers in the course of the voyage, are circumstantial without being tedious,—explicit without being commonplace,—and interesting without the least art or attempt at effect. The plates which embellish this elegant volume are of a very superior description, and convey to the mind a most vivid and *heart-chilling* picture of the appearance of this desert region. The situation of the ships, at times, must have been tremendous; and nothing could have been more awful than to behold sea and shore, hill and valley, in short, Nature herself, under the aspect of one continued iceberg; no

sound to break upon the silence, but the explosions of the ice, or the howling of the wolves; and no living thing to meet the eye, except some ravenous and half-famished animal.

Where the NORTH POLE, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around;
There *ice-rocks* piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall; where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when, profound,
The smoke-frost muttered: there drear *Cold* for aye
Thrones him,—and fixed on his primæval mound,
Ruin, the Giant, sits; while stern *Dismay*
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert
way.

In that drear spot, grim *Desolation's* lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing *heart's blood* in an instant there
Would freeze to marble. Mingling day and night
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours light)
Are there an unknown; while in the summer skies
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of *half the year* to
rise.

KIRKE WHITE.

The effect which *exposure to severe frost* has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was strikingly exemplified in two young gentlemen of the Hecla, when they returned from a land excursion in these Hyperborean regions. On being sent for by Captain Parry, when they came into the cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational

answer to any question he put to them. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circulation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely.

On the 26th of October, 1819, the sun afforded sufficient light for reading and writing from half-past 9 A. M. till half-past 2, the rest of the twenty-four hours being spent by candle-light. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the sky to the S.E. and S.W. at sun-rise and sun-set. About this period, near the horizon, there was generally a *rich bluish purple, and a bright arch of deep red above*, the one imperceptibly mingling with the other.

The effect produced by *touching any metallic substance* in the open air with the naked hand, exactly resembled that occasioned by the opposite extreme of intense heat, *taking off the skin* from the part affected. Whenever any instrument which had been for some time exposed to the atmosphere, so as to be cooled down to the same temperature, was suddenly brought below into the cabins, the vapour was instantly condensed all around it, so as to give the instrument the appearance of smoking, and the glasses were covered almost instantaneously with a thin coating of ice, the removal of which required great caution. When a candle was placed in a certain direction from the instrument with respect to the observer, a number of minute *spiculæ* of snow were likewise seen sparkling around the instrument, at the distance of two or three inches from it. (p. 113.)

About the latter end of October, to preserve the ships during winter, the crews in the face of snow-storms, *cut a passage for them through the ice*; the length of this canal was *four thousand and eighty-two yards*, and the average thickness of the ice seven inches. On the third day, they tracked the ships thro' the canal into winter quarters, where they were to remain for at least *eight months*; during *three* of which a glimpse of the sun would not be visible. Among other amusements, a weekly newspaper, called *The North Georgia Gazette*, was actually composed

and printed on board, the officers becoming voluntary contributors, and Captain Sabine acting as editor.

On the 4th of November, 1819, they *took leave of the sun*, 'that cheering orb of this great world, both eye and soul,' for a period of at least *three months*. On this occasion, the following beautiful lines appeared in *The North Georgia Gazette*; they are said to be the production of Capt. Parry:—

Behold yon glorious orb, whose feeble ray
Mocks the proud glare of Summer's livelier day!
His noontide beam, shot upward through the sky,
Scarcely gilds the vault of Heaven's blue canopy—
A fainter yet, and yet a fainter light—
And, lo! he leaves us now to one long cheerless
night!

And is his glorious course for ever o'er?
And has he set indeed—to rise no more?
To us no more shall Spring's enlivening beam
Unlock the fountains of the fettered stream—
No more the wild bird carol through the sky,
And cheer yon mountain with rude melody?—

* * * *

Once more shall Spring her energy resume,
And chase the horrors of this wintry gloom;
Once more shall Summer's animating ray
Enliven Nature with perpetual day:
Yon radiant orb with self-inherent light
Shall rise, and dissipate the shades of night,
In peerless splendour re-possess the sky,
And shine in renovated majesty.

In yon departing orb methinks I see
A counterpart of frail mortality.
Emblem of man! when life's declining sun
Proclaims this awful truth, 'thy race is run!'—
His sun once set, its bright effulgence gone,
All, all is darkness—as it ne'er had shone!

Yet not *for ever* is man's glory fled,
His name for ever 'numbered with the dead':
Like yon bright orb, th' immortal part of man
Shall end in glory, as it first began;
Like Him, encircled in celestial light,
Shall rise triumphant 'midst the shades of night;
Her native energies again resume,
Dispel the dreary winter of the tomb,
And, bidding Death with all its terrors fly,
Bloom in perpetual Spring through all eternity!

About this part of winter, (Nov. 17) the *breath* and other *vapour* accumulated during the night in the bed places, and upon the beams of the ship, immediately froze; and the whole of the crew were often occupied during two or three hours in the day in scraping away the ice, in order to prevent the bedding from becoming wet by the increase of temperature occasioned by the fires. The bottles containing the *lemon-juice* began to burst, the whole contents be-

ing frequently frozen into a solid mass, except a small portion of highly concentrated acid in the centre, which, in most instances, was found to have leaked out, so that when the ice was thawed it was little better than water. The *vinegar* also became frozen in the casks in the same manner. A few gallons of highly *concentrated* vinegar, which had been sent out on trial, resisted the effects of intense cold, and, when exposed to a temperature of 25° below zero, congealed only into a consistence like that of the thickest honey, but was never sufficiently hard to break any vessel which contained it. Vinegar and lemon-juice intended for use in these regions should be previously concentrated, and, if mixed with six or seven times the quantity of water, would answer every necessary purpose, and would take up less space in the stowage of the vessel.—(*Journal*, p. 121.)

About the period of the *shortest day*, Captain Parry thus beautifully describes the situation of himself, his officers and crew, while, *ice-bound* and *snow surrounded*, they were compelled to winter in this inhospitable region. 'The officers (says he) were in the habit of occupying one or two hours in the middle of the day in rambling on shore, even in our darkest period, except when a fresh wind and a heavy snow-drift confined them within the housing of the ships. It may well be imagined, that, at this period, there was little to be met with in our walks on shore, which could either amuse or interest us. The necessity of not exceeding the limited distance of one or two miles, lest a snow-drift, which often rises very suddenly, should prevent our return, added considerably to the dull and tedious monotony which, day after day, presented itself. To the southward was the *sea, covered with one unbroken surface of ice*, uniform in its dazzling whiteness, except that, in some parts, a few hummocks were seen thrown up somewhat above the general level. Nor did the land offer much greater variety, being almost entirely covered with snow, except here and there a brown patch of bare ground in some exposed situations, where the wind had not allowed the snow to re-

main. When viewed from the summit of the neighbouring hills, on one of those calm clear days which not unfrequently occurred during the winter, the scene was such as to induce contemplations, which had, perhaps, more of melancholy than of any other feeling. Not an object could be seen on which they could long rest with pleasure, unless when directed to the spot where the ships lay, and where our little colony was planted. The smoke which there issued from the several fires, affording a certain indication of the presence of man, gave a partial cheerfulness to this part of the prospect; and the sound of voices which, during the cold weather, could be heard at a much greater distance than usual, served now and then to break the silence which reigned around us,—a silence far different from that peaceable composure which characterizes the landscape of a cultivated country; it was the death-like stillness of the most dreary desolation, and the total absence of animated existence. Such, indeed, was the want of objects to afford relief to the eye or amusement to the mind, that a *stone* of more than usual size appearing above the snow, in the direction in which we were going, immediately became a mark, on which our eyes were unconsciously fixed, and towards which we mechanically advanced.'

THOMSON has a magnificent description of these icy regions:—

"The Muse

Thence sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again returned,
Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding Fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chained,
And bid to roar no more; a bleak expanse,
Shagged o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they
Who here, entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;
While full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long, long night incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible The hapless crew,

Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm."

About the last mentioned period (Dec. 21), the return of each successive day had always been very decidedly marked by a *considerable twilight* for some time about noon, that on the shortest day allowing two hours for walking out. There was usually, in clear weather, a *beautiful arch of bright red light*, overspreading the southern horizon for an hour or two before and after *noon*, the light increasing, of course, in strength, as the sun approached the meridian. Short as the day now was (if indeed any part of the 24 hours could properly be called by that name), the reflection of light from the snow, aided occasionally by a bright moon, was at all times sufficient to prevent our navigators from experiencing, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, any thing like the gloomy night which occurs in more temperate climates.

The following lines, forming part of some very excellent '*Reflections on the Morning of Christmas-day, 1819*,' while they afford a pleasing illustration of Capt. Parry's description just given, fully evince that, whatever tendency the *cold* might have to consolidate every thing in the shape of a liquid, it had not the power to freeze 'the genial current of the soul of poesy,' or to bind in its *icy* adamant chains the everwelling stream that flows from the fountain of Hippocrene :—

Rich from the blushing East no glory darts
To chase the shadowy night ;—but all is gloom,
Save where the *moon's* young crescent o'er the snows
Emits a trembling radiance, faintly seen
Through mists obscure ; or sparkling, seen on high,
The countless myriads of the *stars* diffuse
Their distant, glimmering, 'caree-enlightening rays !†
Behind yon cloud a stream of paly light‡
Shoots up its pointed spires ; again immersed,
Sweeps forth with sudden start, and, waving round
In changeful forms, assumes the brighter glow
Of orient *topaz*—then as sudden sinks
In deeper *russet*, and at once expires !

North Georgia Gazette.

On the 11th of January, 1820, the

greatest degree of cold was experienced, the thermometer having fallen to *forty-nine degrees below zero*, but, the weather being quite calm, 'we walked on shore (observes Captain Parry) for an hour without inconvenience, the sensation of cold depending much more on the *degree of wind* at the time, than on the absolute temperature of the atmosphere as indicated by the thermometer.' That violent sensation said to be produced on the lungs (*like rending them asunder*) when the air is inhaled at a very low temperature, was never experienced by our arctic navigators, though, in passing from the cabins into the open air, they were constantly in the habit, for some months, of undergoing a change of from 80 to 100°, and, in several instances, 120° of temperature, in less than one minute ; and, what is still more extraordinary, not a single inflammatory complaint (except a common cold) occurred during this particular period. On opening the doors at the top and bottom of the hatchway ladders, the vapour was immediately condensed by the sudden admission of the cold air *into a visible form*, exactly resembling a very thick smoke, which settled on all the pannels of the doors, &c. and immediately froze, by which means the latter were covered with a thick coating of ice, which was necessary frequently to scrape off ; but the vapour was not, on any occasion, converted into a *sudden shower of snow*, as is related by several early travellers in Spitzbergen and other cold countries.—*Journal*, p. 134.

During the lowest degree of temperature (*fifty-five degrees below zero*) not the slightest inconvenience was experienced from exposure to the open air, by a person well clothed, as long as the weather was perfectly calm ; but in walking against a very light air of wind a *smarting sensation* was experienced all over the face, accompanied with a severe pain in the middle of the forehead. 'The increased length of the day (February 15,) and the cheering presence of the sun for several hours

† See a most beautiful engraving of an 'Arctic night-scene,' in Capt. Parry's *Journal*.
‡ *Aurora Borealis*.

above the horizon,* induced me (says Captain Parry) to open the dead-lights of my stern-windows, in order to admit the daylight, of which, in our occupations below, we had entirely been deprived for more than four months. I had soon, however, occasion to find that this change was rather premature, and that I had not rightly calculated on the length of the winter in Melville Island. The *Hecla* was fitted with double windows in her stern, the interval between the two sashes being about two feet; and, within these, some curtains of baize had been nailed close in the early part of the winter. On endeavouring now to remove the curtains, they were found to be so strongly cemented to the windows by the frozen vapour collected between them, that it was necessary to cut them off, in order to open the windows; and from the space between the double sashes, we removed *twelve large buckets of ice, or frozen vapour*, which had accumulated in the same manner.' (p. 145.)

These curious facts, just detailed, give a lively description of the privations to which the persons engaged in the arctic expedition were continually exposed. A pleasant *jeu d'esprit*, on this subject, appeared in the *North Georgia Gazette*, in which the writer is described as 'composing himself to rest beneath the cumbrous weight of *six blankets*, over which is stretched a warm *wolf's hide*.' He is then roused from sleep, and is 'shivered awake' by leaning his elbow against the *ice*. Beautiful *crystals* meet his eye in every direction, but, 'illumined by the candle's rays,' they soon liquefy and drop over him, forming a most delightful *North Georgia Shower Bath*. These are some of the *Arctic Miseries*; others are related, with much good hu-

mour, in the celebrated *Gazette*, so often quoted; a truly entertaining miscellany in any part of the world. The '*Miseries*' (happily for our intrepid seamen) were not considered very numerous, as the following only are recited by *Old Comical*:—

'Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and, before you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole.*

'When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animal's four legs are employed in carrying away the body.

'Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and, when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not penetrate it.

'Being called from table by the intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner.

'Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear.

'Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water.'

The distance at which *sounds* were heard in the open air, during *intense cold*, afforded matter of considerable surprise: people were often heard distinctly conversing in a common tone of voice at the distance of a mile. At a distance of two miles from the ships, *smoke* which had passed from them

* The splendid Sun, with reascending ray
Sheds o'er the northern world the flood of day.
Lost in the blazing radiance, sable Night
Resigns her empire to the kindling light.
Serenely clear, the heaven's blue concave glows,
And glittering sun-shine gilds the mountain snows.
Precursive of the general fire, a stream
Of reddish light shoots up its bounteous gleam;
The conscious skies the blushing tint extend,
Till with their azure dye its glories blend.

N. Georgia Gazette.

† A hole in the ice, for steeping salt meat, &c.

horizontally was smelt so strong, as to impede the breathing of some officers who were walking on shore.

On the 5th of March 1820, the thermometer rose to 15° at noon; and, on the 7th, a circumstance occurred which filled our navigators with joy, as affording some promise of the *approach of Spring*. This olive-branch of promise, was no more than the *thawing of a small quantity of snow*, in a favourable situation, upon the black paint work* of the ship's stern which exactly faced the south. But this being the first time that such an event had occurred for more than five months, the circumstance, trifling as it would have appeared in any other climate, proved a matter of no small interest and satisfaction to those who here witnessed it.

On Bhering's rocks and Greenland's naked isles,
Mongst wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore;
Fond Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

CAMPBELL.

The vapour arising from the men's breath and the steam of their victuals during meals, which had been frozen to the ship's sides, and had remained in a solid state, beginning to thaw on the approach of the mild weather, this coating was scraped off, and the quantity removed filled more than *one hundred* buckets, although it had not accumulated for a longer time than 4 weeks.

A smart shower of rain, a most agreeable novelty to persons so long unaccustomed to view water in a fluid state, fell on the 24th of May; and rain being a powerful agent in dissolving ice, this was hailed by every one as a most propitious event. Notwithstanding this and other favourable prognostics, when the sea was viewed from the N. E. hill in Melville Island, it still presented the same unbroken and continuous surface of solid and impenetrable ice—not less than from six to seven feet in thickness.

So Zembla's rocks, the beauteous work of frost,
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;

Pale suns, unfelt at distance, roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
The gathered winter of a thousand years. Pope.

In the month of *June* 1820, Capt. Parry, accompanied by some of his officers, &c. travelled across Melville Island to the northern shore, and returned by a different route. His remaining observations we have put into the form of a Diary; and, as a companion to the '*Lapland Calendar*,' given in a preceding number, we shall designate this

THE ARCTIC CALENDAR.

June 8.—Some sandy ground passed over, so full of the burrows of *hares*, as to resemble a warren. Some *moss* and a few short tufts of *grass* seen; the *dwarf-willow* coming out in flower. Some *sorrel* began to make its appearance.

June 9.—The plumage of the *cock-grouse* was still quite white, except near the tip of the tail, where the feathers were of a fine glossy black; but in every hen that was killed a very perceptible alteration was apparent, even from day to day, and their plumage had now nearly assumed that *speckled colour*, which, from its resemblance to the ground, is admirably adapted to preserve them from being seen at the season of incubation.

June 12.—A *ranunculus* in full flower in a sheltered situation. The root and three feet of the trunk of a *pine-tree*, and part of the skeleton of a *musk-ox*, frozen into the ground, were seen on a lagoon in the neighbourhood of the sea. The soil here became very rich, and abounded with the finest *moss*, together with a great deal of *grass*, *saxifrage*, and *poppy*; and there were evident proofs that this place was much resorted to by *deer*, *musk-oxen*, and *hares*.

June 13.—A *musk-ox* was seen feeding on a spot of luxuriant pasture ground, and, when fired at, set off at a quick pace over the hills. The skin of one which was subsequently killed has

* It is worthy of remark that no appearance of thawing took place except in the situation described, and, even there, upon the *yellow* paint the snow remained as hard as before.

been stuffed, and deposited in the British Museum. This extraordinary animal somewhat resembles the *Bonassus*, lately exhibited in London. The musk-ox furnished 421 pounds of beef, which was served to the crews as usual, in lieu of their salt provisions, and was much relished, notwithstanding its very strong *musky* flavour. The meat was remarkably fat. The total quantity of game obtained on Melville Island during their stay of nearly twelve months, was as follows; 3 musk-oxen, 24 deer, 68 hares, 53 geese, 59 ducks, and 144 ptarmigans, or grouse; affording 3,766 pounds of meat.

One or two *mice* were caught, turning brown about the belly and head, and the back of a dark grey colour. In every part of the island these little animals were occasionally seen: one of them being pursued, finding no hole near, and escape impossible, set himself against a stone, as if in defence; and bit the man's finger when he took him.

From the observations made on board the *ships in Winter Harbour*, during Capt. Parry's absence, we select the following facts illustrative of the natural history of the Arctic regions.

June 2.—The first red phalarope (*p. platyrinchos*) and also the first flock of *buntings* appeared.

June 3.—A flock of 12 king-ducks, together with a single *raven*, an arctic *gull*, and some golden *plovers* seen.

June 5.—Flocks of *ducks* and *geese* seen almost daily, for six weeks from this time.

June 9.—The first *seal* was seen lying upon the ice, near the mouth of the harbour, and having a hole close to him as usual: like the bear in autumn, no more than one of these animals was ever observed at the same time. About this time, several *mosquitoes* (*culex pipiens*) were caught; but, as in Hudson's Bay and other cold countries, they never attempted to bite, or annoy in any way. The buds of the *saxifraga oppositifolia*, and of the *dwarf willow*, were observed to be opening out, and

some of the *sorrel* to be in flower; a plant with a lilac-coloured flower, having a very sweet smell (supposed to be a *draba*), was also observed to be pushing out its blossoms about this time, but none of these plants were so forward as the *saxifrage*. Among the *sea-birds* observed in the Arctic regions the following are enumerated in a poetical address to the feathered tribe, inserted in the North Georgia Gazette: *awks*, *dovekies*, *looms*, *mallemites*, *tern*, *kittiwakes*, *ice-gulls*, and the *glaucous gull*, 'king of the Hyperborean main,' and little inferior in size to an *eagle*.

June 14.—The first *rein-deer* seen from the ships this day.

An interesting anecdote of the docility of the *rein-deer* is given by Capt. Parry, as witnessed on his visit to Melville island. The habits of this useful animal are fully known from our intercourse with other countries.

Their *rein-deer* form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded, glazed.

THOMSON.

We now conclude our extracts from Capt. Parry's interesting book, which we have made with a view rather to stimulate, than gratify curiosity; trusting that many of our readers will recur to the volume itself for additional gratification. As this indefatigable man has before this (Sept. 1821) probably made further discoveries in the Arctic regions, which may add further to the science and the fame of his country, we sincerely offer up our aspirations for the entire success of his adventurous undertaking; at the same time convinced, that, whatever may be the result of Captain Parry's discoveries, there can be but one opinion of his zeal and abilities.

TRAVELS IN PALESTINE, BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM.

CONCLUDED.

FROM Soof, a village near the ruins of Geraza, the travellers set out on the morning of February 2nd, and, continuing their route in a north-westerly direction, arrived at Aidoone. From Aidoone they passed on to Erbeed, where they saw an octagonal tower, probably of Saracen origin, and a reservoir of water resembling the pools of Solomon near Jerusalem, though not quite so large. They reached, a short time before sun-set, a small hamlet, called Bahraha, where they passed the night. Here they discovered some curious relics of antiquity, and among others a sarcophagus of black porous stone, of a basaltic or volcanic nature.

The village of Bahraha does not contain more than fifty houses, and is governed by a Sheikh, who acknowledges the authority of the Pacha of Damascus.

The next day the travellers proceeded on their journey, and passing through several hamlets, arrived about three hours after noon at Oorn Kais, on the site of the ancient Gamala, whose ruins they alighted to examine.

“After devoting (says Buckingham) about an hour to the ruins of Gamala, and traversing them on foot in every direction, we were enabled to perceive that the city formed nearly a square; its greatest length being from east to west, which we found to measure one thousand six hundred and seventy paces, of about two feet each, or just half a mile, and its breadth perhaps one-fourth less. The upper part of the city stood on a level spot on the summit of the hill, and appears to have been walled all around the acclivities of that hill, being on all sides exceedingly steep, and having appearances of ruined buildings, even on their steepest parts. The eastern gate of entrance has its portals still remaining, and was near the northern wall. From hence a noble street ran through the whole length of the city, extending the number of paces mentioned, as it was along this that the measurement was taken.

This street was fifteen paces, or about thirty feet in breadth, from pillar to pillar; as it had a colonade of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, at intervals, lining its avenues on each side, as at the ruins at Geraza. The street was paved throughout with fine squared blocks of the black volcanic stone, and this pavement was still so perfect that the ruts of carriage-wheels were to be seen in it of different breadths, and about an inch in depth, as at the ruins of Pompeii in Italy.

“The first edifice which presented itself, on entering at the eastern gate, was a theatre on the left, the scene and front of which was entirely destroyed, but its benches were still remaining, and it faced towards the north. Still farther on were appearances of an Ionic temple, the colonnade of the street being continued; and at about the centre of its length, a range of Corinthian columns on pedestals marked the site of a grand edifice on the left; not a column now remained erect, but the plan could be distinctly traced.

“Before we departed we were taken to see one of the ancient Roman tombs, now used as a carpenter’s shop, the occupier being employed in constructing a rude plough, and in fixing the irons to one of those long Syrian goads, which serve to spur the animal with one end and clear the plough of clods with the other. On examining the size and weight of this iron at the foot, Maundrell’s conjecture struck me as a very judicious one, that it might have been with such a weapon Shamgar made the prodigious slaughter related of him in the Book of Judges.

“From this tomb we went to a still more perfect one, which was entirely cleared, and now used as a private dwelling. Though the females of the family were within we were allowed to enter, and descended by a flight of three steps, there being either a cistern or a deep sepulchre on the right of this descent. The portals and architrave were here perfectly exposed; the orna-

ments of the latter were a wreath and open flowers ; the door also was divided by a studded bar and pannelled, and the ring of the knocker remained, though the knocker itself had been broken off. The door, which was of the same size and thickness as those described, traversed easily on its hinges, as we were permitted to open and close it at pleasure. On examining it closely, all that has before been said on the mode of fixing and of fastening it was confirmed, as we could here see every part of the construction more perfectly.

“The tomb was about eight feet in height on the inside, as there was a descent of a steep step from the stone threshold to the floor. Its size was about twelve paces square, but no light was received into it except by the door; we could not see whether there was an inner chamber, as in some of the others. A perfect sarcophagus still remained within, and this was now used by the family as a chest for corn and other provisions, so that this violated sepulchre of the dead had thus become a secure, a cool, and a convenient retreat to the living of a different race.”

From Oorn Kais (the ancient Gama-la) they bent their steps towards Nazareth : they arrived on the 12th of February, and left it the following day for Tiberias. Passing thro’ a number of small villages, without seeing any thing very remarkable, they journeyed along

THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

“The present town of Tabareeah (Tiberias) is in the form of an irregular crescent, and is inclosed toward the land by a wall flanked with circular towers. It lies nearly north and south along the western edge of the lake, and has its eastern front opposed to the water, on the bank of which it stands, as some of the houses there are almost washed by the sea. Its southern wall approaches almost to the beach ; but the north-western angle of the northern wall, being seated on a rising ground, recedes some little distance from the water, and thus gives an irregular form to the enclosure. The whole does not appear a mile in circuit, and cannot

contain more than five hundred separate dwellings, from the manner in which they are placed. There are two gates visible from without, one near the southern, and the other in the western wall, the latter of which is in one of the round towers, and is the only one now open ; there are appearances also of the town having been surrounded by a ditch, but this is now filled up with cultivatable soil.

“To the northward of the town is the road we passed over on our journey the day before ; to the southward the ruins of the ancient city, and a hot bath, still frequented, as well as the burying-ground of the Mahomedans and Jews ; on the east the broad expanse of the lake stretches over to the opposite shore ; and on the west it has a small space of plain fit for cultivation, from whence the land rises into the lofty hills which almost overhang the town.

“The interior presents but few objects of interest beside the ordinary habitations, which are small and mean. There is a mosque with a dome and minaret now frequented, and another with an octangular tower in ruins. The former of these is not far from the gate of entrance, the latter is nearer to the beach. There are also two synagogues of the Jews near the centre of the town, both of them inferior to that of Jerusalem, though similar in design, and one Christian place of worship, called the ‘House of Peter,’ near the southern quarter, close to the water’s edge. The last, which has been thought by some to be the oldest place of Christian worship now extant in Palestine, is a vaulted room, thirty feet by fifteen, and perhaps fifteen in height ; it stands nearly east and west, having its door of entrance at the western front, and its altar immediately opposite in a small recess. Over the door is one small window, and on each side four others, all arched and open. The masonry of the edifice is of an ordinary kind ; the pavement within is similar to that used for streets in this country, and the whole is devoid of sculpture or any other ornament that I could perceive. In a court without the ‘House of Peter,’ I

observed, however, a block of stone, on which were the figures of two goats and two lions or tigers coarsely executed, but whether this ever belonged to the building itself, no one could inform me. During my visit to this church, morning mass was performed by the Abenna, at whose house we had lodged; the congregation consisted of only eleven persons, and the furniture and decorations of the altar and the dress of the priest were exceedingly scanty and poor.

"The edifice is thought by the people here to have been the very house that Peter inhabited, at the time of his being called from the boat to follow Christ. It was, however, evidently constructed for a place of worship, at a period much posterior to the time of the apostle whose name it bears, though it might have been erected on the spot which tradition had marked as the site of his more humble habitation. From hence they say too it was that the boat pushed into the lake when the miraculous draught of fishes was drawn.

"The ordinary dwellings of the inhabitants are such as are commonly seen in eastern villages, but are marked by a peculiarity which I witnessed here for the first time; on the terrace of almost every house, stands a small square inclosure of reeds, loosely covered with leaves. These I learned were resorted to by the heads of families to sleep in during the summer months, when the heat of the nights is intolerable from the low situation of the town, and the unfrequency of cooling breezes. At the present moment, indeed, we had the thermometer at 82° in the shade an hour after sun-rise and calm, while on the hills it was considerably less than at noon in the sun.

"The whole population of Tiberias does not exceed two thousand souls, according to the opinion of the best-informed residents. Of these about the half are Jews, many of them are from Europe, particularly from Germany, Poland, and Russia, and the rest are Mahomedans, exclusive of about twenty Christian families of the Catholic communion."

After remaining the night in a convent at Nazareth, the travellers directed

their journey to the northward, and passed through the villages of Mezra, Tooli, Affouli, Noori, Taraheen, along the plain of Esdraelon, and arrived at Jeneen. The place is governed by a Sheikh, who is tributary both to Acre and Damascus. On the arrival at Sanhoor they were introduced to Hadjee Ahmed Gerar, the chief of the place. We give the account of the interview in Buckingham's own words:—

"On being conducted to the chief, we found him sitting on a stone bench in the court of his house, and surrounded by a circle of dependants, who seemed to think themselves honoured by being admitted, like Mordecai of old, to sit at the king's gate. All arose at our entrance; a carpet and cushions were placed for me on the right hand of the master; our horses were fed, a supper provided, and every mark of hospitality shown to us.

"In the ardour of conversation with this seemingly-estimable man, I had quite forgotten to deliver my letter to him until we had finished supper. As soon as he received it, a young scribe was called, who read the contents of the letter aloud, and all listened and applauded, for it was full of the most extravagant encomiums. It was gratifying to me, however, to consider that such false representations of wisdom, talents, honour and wealth had no share in obtaining from me the kind reception given to our party; and, happily, as the utmost had already been done, even such a letter could not draw more from our benevolent host.

"Our conversation of the evening was chiefly on the state of Europe, on the countries I had visited, and those I hoped to see. As the chief had himself been twice to Mecca, making the journey from Damascus, I learned from him also some interesting particulars on that route, and we talked a great deal about those parts of Arabia which we had both seen, namely, the ports of the Hedjas. An excellent bed was prepared for me in a separate room, with clean sheets and cushions covered with silk, and every arrangement was made for my comfort that I could possibly desire."

Early on the morning of the 17th

the travellers proceeded on their journey, and visiting successively Shechem, or Neapolis, Mount Ebul and Gerezim, and the Well of Samaria, arrived at Nablous, from which place they returned once more to Nazareth.

It is not possible, in a few desultory extracts, to do justice to this important volume. We have endeavoured, for the information of our readers, to furnish an outline of Mr. Buckingham's tour, but have been unable to record, in an abbreviated form, any of the numerous and valuable illustrations of the sacred writings with which this work abounds. If to throw a light upon the pages of the poet, historian, or philoso-

pher, deserve our thanks, that writer has surely a greater claim to our countenance and acknowledgments, who, by his useful and important researches, has illustrated several of the obscure texts of a book, the due knowledge of which can only enable us to become "wise" in the best and most extended sense of the term.

The volume is handsomely printed, and accompanied by excellent maps and plans of the places visited by Mr. Buckingham. Each chapter is preceded by a neatly executed vignette of the most interesting portion of the description.

(Blackwood's Magazine.)

THE MAN IN THE BELL.

IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —, than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the Cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favourite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopt my performance but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfrey to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled shewed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the

clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfrey, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart I believe, but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself flat on my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began.—It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to peices; the floor under

me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack.—There was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through : It entered my very soul ; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished ; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face ; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than at first ; every time it descended, I endeavoured to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass ; and then reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pullies above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ram-rod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas.

The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamour, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me ; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes ; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath, or fiery glance of that fabled animal, wanting to complete the picture. My eyes inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder of a tempest ; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last, the devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangour of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to

shew him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails : and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which hung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings ; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him,—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamour as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time past over me without computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing,

but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate the time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame-work of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupifying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armour of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular

stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupified eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eye-lids. My hands were torn and bleeding: my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell

formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Mnezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

JOHN RENNIE, THE GREAT CIVIL ENGINEER.

(European Magazine.)

AMONGST those numerous distinguished individuals, of whom Great Britain has such just reasons to be proud, for elevating her fame in the ranks of art and science far above all contemporary kingdoms, the subject of this brief notice is one of the most celebrated; and the monuments of his ability are such as must transmit his name to all posterity. They must remain coeval with the existence of the land which they adorn and dignify; and must excite admiration in the remotest ages of her future history.

JOHN RENNIE, Esq. was born June 7th, 1761, at the small village of Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland; and was the youngest of a family of nine children. He had the misfortune to lose his father, a most respectable and extensive farmer,

at the early age of five years, and subsequently acquired a taste for mechanical pursuits by the mere accident of becoming acquainted with the sons of Mr. Andrew Mickle, the inventor of the thrashing machine, who tenanted a mill upon the estate, and whose talents were brought into action by Mr. George Rennie, of Phantassie, the elder brother of John, and much celebrated as an agriculturist. Young Rennie's whole delight consisted in watching the labours of Mr. Mickle, but he never neglected his studies in consequence: on the contrary, his ardour for the sciences increased to such an extent, that he did not forsake his schools until he could acquire no more instruction; and such was the rapidity of his progress, that he far outstripped the whole of his companions. At the age of eighteen he went to Edinburgh, and there acquired

fresh knowledge under Professors Black and Robison, of that university; with the latter of whom he formed an intimacy which led to his introduction to Messrs. Boulton and Watt, into whose service he entered about the year 1784; having, however, previously erected several mills with great credit to his abilities. Messrs. Boulton and Watt were not long in discovering his extraordinary merit, and employed him, in conjunction with themselves, to erect the Albion Mills, at Blackfriars, planning and executing the machinery, which was driven by two steam engines of considerable power, and then considered the finest mill work in existence. The whole were, however, destroyed by fire in the year 1791, when Mr. Rennie commenced business on his own account, and soon afterwards commenced his career as Civil Engineer to the Crinan Canal, so remarkable for the very extraordinary labour and difficulty required in its erection; and the Lancaster Canal, famous for its aqueduct over the River Lune; every particular of which is given in *Rees's Encyclopedia*, article *Canal*.

Mr. Rennie married, early in life, Miss Mackintosh, a beautiful young lady, whom he had the misfortune to lose some years since, but who left him an interesting and accomplished family. They have now to lament the loss of a second parent, who, though possessed of a constitution and frame so robust as to give the promise of a long life, sunk under an unexpected attack at the early age of sixty.

The death of Mr. Rennie is, indeed, a national calamity; and his loss cannot be adequately supplied by any living artist with whom we are acquainted; for, though we have many able engineers, we know of none who so eminently possess solidity of judgment with profound knowledge; and who are gifted with the happy tact of applying to every situation, where he was called upon to exert his faculties, the precise form of remedy that was wanting to the existing evil. Whether it was to stem the torrent and violence of the most boisterous sea;—to make new harbours, or to render those safe which

were before dangerous or inaccessible;—to redeem districts of fruitful land from the encroachments of the ocean, or to deliver them from the pestilence of the stagnant marsh;—to level hills, and to unite them by aqueducts or arches, or by embankment to raise the valley between them;—to make bridges that for beauty surpass all others, and that for strength seem destined to endure to the latest posterity;—Mr. Rennie had no rival. Every part of the united kingdom possesses monuments of his glory, and they are as stupendous as they are useful. They will present to our children's children objects of admiration for their grandeur, and of gratitude for their utility. Compare the works of Mr. Rennie with the most boasted exploits of the French Engineers, and mark how they tower above them all. Compare the Breakwater at Plymouth with the Cassoons at Cherbourg;—any one of his Canals with that of Ourke; and his Waterloo-bridge with that of Nuilly; and our country may justly glory in the comparison. Their superiority is acknowledged by every liberal Frenchman; and M. Dupin, who is so well qualified to do justice to his merits, has, in a *Notice Necrologique* respecting him, addressed to the Royal Institute of France, paid a tribute to the virtues and amiable qualities of Mr. Rennie, and given a brief, but masterly, account of his principal works.

"Mr. Rennie," says M. Dupin, "raised himself by his merit alone. In a country in which education is general, he received from his infancy the benefit of instruction, which he afterwards knew how to appreciate.

"Scotland has the glory of having produced the most of the civil engineers, who, for nearly a century, have executed the finest monuments of the three kingdoms, and the most ingenious machines; James Watt, John Rennie, Thomas Telford, &c. seconded with so much ability by the Nimmos, the Jardines, and the Stevensons."

After enumerating the works executed by Mr. Rennie, for Messrs. Watt and Boulton, and his application of steam to machinery for clearing canals, he observes—

"Mr. Rennie learned immediately from Smeaton the art of directing hydraulic constructions; he formed himself by the counsels and example of that great engineer, and by the study of the works of a master whom he was to equal in some respects, and surpass in many others."

M. Dupin then alludes to the East India, the London, and the West India Docks, and observes,—

"At the very moment he was snatched from us by death, he was busied in finishing a new construction, equally ingenious for its architecture and its mechanism. Vast roofs, supported by lofty columns of cast iron, present in the middle of their structure aerial roads, on which are made to run carriages, whose mechanism is so contrived, that by their means enormous mahogany trees, kept in these fine magazines, may be raised and let down at pleasure. By means of this ingenious system, a few workmen now execute in a few minutes what required formerly whole hours, and a number of workmen."

Our limits will not allow us to follow M. Dupin through his account of the various works of Mr. Rennie. We cannot, however omit the following observations, with which he concludes his notice of the Breakwater of Plymouth:—

"This unalterable solidity, secured by the judiciousness of the forms and the prudence of the dimensions, appears to us to be the essential and distinctive character of the great works of Mr. Rennie. This character is particularly remarkable in the two most beautiful bridges which adorn the metropolis of the British Empire.

"The Southwark Bridge is the first in which the bold idea of using cast iron in solid masses, and of an extent greatly surpassing that of the largest stones employed in arches. The arches of this bridge are formed by metallic masses, of a size which could only be cast in a country in which metallurgy is carried to the highest degree of perfection. Mr. Rennie derived from this advanced state of industry all the advantages which it could furnish to his talents. When we consider the extent

and the elevation of the arches of this bridge, and the enormity of the elements of which it is composed, we acquire a higher idea of the force of man, and we exclaim involuntarily, in our admiration of this *chef d'œuvre*, 'this is the Bridge of Giants!'"

* * * * *

"If, from the incalculable effect of the revolutions which empires undergo, the nations of a future age should demand one day what was formerly the New Sidon, and what has become of the Tyre of the West, which covered with her vessels every sea?—the most of the edifices, devoured by a destructive climate, will no longer exist to answer the curiosity of man by the voice of monuments; but the bridge built by Rennie, in the centre of the commercial world, will subsist to tell the most distant generations, here was a rich, industrious, and powerful city. The traveller, on beholding this superb monument, will suppose that some great Prince wished, by many years of labour, to consecrate for ever the glory of his life by this imposing structure. But if tradition instruct the traveller that six years sufficed for the undertaking and finishing of this work; if he learns that an association of a number of private individuals was rich enough to defray the expense of this colossal monument, worthy of Sesostri or Cæsar, he will admire still more the nation in which similar undertakings could be the fruit of the efforts of a few obscure individuals, lost in the crowd of industrious citizens."

Mr. Rennie cultivated his art with the most enthusiastic ardour, and instead of being merely a theorist, he prepared himself for practical efficiency, by visiting and minutely inspecting every work of magnitude in every country that bore similitude with those which he might be called upon to construct. His library abounded in a richer collection of scientific writings than that of almost any individual; and we repeat, that the loss of such a man is irreparable. Cut off in the full vigour of his mind, his death would almost seem to suspend for a time the march of national improvement, until the just fame of his merit shall animate our rising artists

to imitate his great example, and to prepare themselves by study and observation to overcome, as he did, the most formidable impediments to the progress of human enterprise, of industry, and of increased facility in all the arts of life. The integrity of Mr. Rennie in the fulfilment of his labours, was equal to his genius in the contrivance of his plans and machinery. He would suffer none of the modern subterfuges for real strength to be resorted to by the contractors employed to execute what he had undertaken; and every thing he did was for futurity. An engineer, unlike an architect, has no commission on the amount of his expenditure, or Mr. Rennie would have been one of the most opulent men in England; for upwards of forty millions have been expended under his eye. But his glory was in the justice of his proceedings, and his enjoyment in the success of his labours. It was, indeed, only as a millwright that he engaged himself to execute the work he planned, and in this department society is indebted to him for so economizing the power of water, as to give an increase of energy by its specific gravity, to the natural fall of streams, and to make his mills equal to four-fold the produce of

those which, before his time, depended solely on the impetus of the current. His largest mills thus work as smoothly as clock-work, and by the alternate contact of wood and iron, are less liable to the hazard of fire by friction. If the death of such a man is a national loss, what must it be to his private friends, and to his amiable family? Endeared to all who knew him by the gentleness of his temper, the cheerfulness with which he communicated the riches of his mind, and forwarded the views of those who made useful discoveries or improvements in machinery or implements, procured him universal respect. He gave to inventors all the benefits of his experience, removed difficulties which had not occurred to the author, or suggested alterations which adapted the instrument to its use. No jealousy nor self-interest ever prevented the exercise of this free and unbounded communication; for the love of science was, in his mind, superior to all mercenary feeling.

In the active exercise of these virtues, and of these talents, Mr. Rennie was suddenly seized with a long and lingering illness, and died at his house in Stamford-street, Blackfriars, on Thursday, October 4th, 1821.

WONDERS OF THE NETHERLANDS—THE HILL OF PETERSBERG.

(Literary Gazette.)

VOYAGE SOUTERRAIN ; OU, DESCRIPTION DU PLATEAU DE SAINT PIERRE DE MAESTRICHT.
PAR LE COL. BORY DE SAINT VINCENT. 1821.

THE author of this interesting work is one of the French exiles who sought refuge in the Netherlands, after the second restoration of the King of France. Tossed to and fro by the political storm, he at length landed at Maestricht. The following particulars, collected from the author's account of the curious subterranean vaults of Maestricht, will be the more acceptable as they are not very generally known.

Petersberg, or the Hill of St. Peter, is situated between the Jaar and the Meuse, and extends along the distance of nearly a league. The earth which is contained in the cavities in the interior of the hill furnishes materials for

building; but principally for manure, and for this double purpose it has been excavated from the most remote ages of antiquity. In the symmetrical galleries of Petersberg the Roman pick-axe has imprinted a kind of monumental character, and the feudal spade has left its Gothic traces. Workmen have, from time immemorial, been employed in extracting the bowels of the earth to fertilize its surface. For ages the pick-axe and wheelbarrow have worked passages in every direction, and the traveller in this subterraneous labyrinth is happy, if, with the aid of his torches, he can return the way he entered. Streets, squares and cross-roads appear on ev-

ery side ; in short the vaults of Petersberg present the appearance of a town, in which there are only wanting houses, inhabitants, theatres, carriages and gas-lamps. M. Bory de Saint-Vincent draws the following picture of this gloomy region :—

“ If any thing,” he says, “ can add to the horror of the perfect darkness, it is the total silence which reigns in these dismal vaults. The voice of man is scarcely sufficient to disturb it ; sound is, as it were, deadened by the thickness of the gloom. Echo itself, which the bewildered traveller may interrogate in the desert, dwells not in these silent cavities.”

It may naturally be conjectured, that superstition has peopled these subterranean vaults with demons and hobgoblins. Tradition has even allotted a hell and a paradise to the cavities of Petersberg. The huge pieces of coal, which an equal temperature has protected from the ravages of time, imagination has converted into monsters with claws, long tails, and horns. In various places, names, inscriptions and remote dates record the history of excavations, and relate numerous adventures and unfortunate deaths of which Petersberg has been the theatre. In one part of the vaults a workman, whose torch became extinguished, perished amidst the pangs of hunger and the horrors of darkness ; his hat and some fragments of his clothes still remain to attest his melancholy fate. In another part the walls present the history of four friars, who purposed to erect a chapel at the remotest point of these cavities. The thread by which they were to trace back their way to the opening of the vaults, broke ; the unfortunate men perished, and their bodies were subsequently found at the distance of a few paces from each other. However, catastrophes of this terrible kind presented fewer horrors to the conscripts of the Lower Meuse than the pursuits of the *gendarmerie*, and, according to the testimony of the author, many preferred dismal retreats to the laurels of WAGRAM and JENA.

The interior of the Hill of St. Peter has given rise to anecdotes worth collecting ; the Austrians, having posses-

sion of the fort of Petersberg, discovered a secret communication with the vaults of the hill, of which the French troops guarded some of the entries. With torch in hand and fixed bayonets the Austrians attempted to surprise the French, but the latter, warned by the subterranean lights, rushed upon the enemy, who were dazzled by their own torches, and a conflict ensued which resembled a combat of the infernal deities.

The following story is of a less serious nature. Maestricht had fallen into the power of the French, and long continued a most formidable garrison. A portion of the Austrian population fled to the vaults beneath the hill of St. Peter. They took their cattle with them, and in the subterranean cavities they hastily constructed rooms and stables. The French were unable to account for the miraculous disappearance of a portion of the conquered inhabitants, when a pig, which had escaped from its sty, rushed along the subterranean galleries squeaking tremendously. It was heard by the French centinels, and this circumstance led them to suspect the retreat of the Austrians. They adopted means to make the pig squeak still louder, in the hope of attracting the fugitives, when, to the great surprise of the French soldiers, several pigs rushed out to answer the summons of the imprudent deserter. In ancient times the Roman capital was saved by geese, and on this occasion a pig caused the destruction of the little republic of Petersberg. The Austrians were routed from their retreat, and their cattle and pigs, as may well be supposed, were speedily roasted and devoured.

One of the most curious phenomena of the vaults of St Peter is the formation of geological organ-pipes. These are a kind of wells, the orifices of which are on the upper part of the hill, and which extend, like funnels, to its base. They serve as drains, which intercept the subterranean galleries, and continually destroy their architecture. The origin of these geological phenomena has given rise to old conjectures. M. Mathieu, who has devoted great attention to the subject, supposes them to have been dug by some monstrous an-

imal; but M. Bory de Saint-Vincent mentions an experiment which is suited very reasonably wages war against M. Mathieu's enormous moles, and ascribes to the geological organ-pipes to the filtration of water. In support of this conjecture, M. Bory de Saint-Vincent let fall some water, drop by drop, on bits of sugar, and thus produced little artificial wells similar to those on the hill.

SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

By the Author of Waverley. Sung by the Witch Norna, in "The Pirate."

1.

" Stern eagle of the far north-west,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar.

2.

" Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3.

" There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,
Ay, and when the dark-coloured dog is opening on his track;
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on the wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler;
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,
And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer,
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chaunted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

4.

" Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

5.

" Eagle of the far north-western waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path;
When thou stoorest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;
Eagle of the north-west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar."

SARDANAPALUS—TWO FOSCARI—CAIN.

BY LORD BYRON.*

THE arrival of three new Tragedies in this country, from Lord Byron, has already been announced by us in our literary notices, but whether or not they be intended for immediate publication, is a point which we are quite unable to decide. The names of these dramas have not as yet publicly transpired, although they have been whispered abroad during the last fortnight, pretty generally, in fashionable blue-stocking routs and select literary coteries. The hero of one of these pieces is said to be FOSCARI, son of the Doge of that name, who was unjustly banished by the Venetian senate, after having been cruelly tortured, for a crime of which he appears to have been entirely innocent. Rogers, in his *Pleasures of Memory*, thus alludes to the catastrophe :—

"Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh,

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die ;
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate ;
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey ;
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws ;
Glad to return, tho' hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore."

Aware that a notice of any subject which has employed the pen of Lord Byron cannot fail of proving interesting to our readers, we hasten to lay before them some account of the circumstances from which his Lordship's tragedy of Foscari will, in all probability, have been constructed. A multiplicity of allusions to this melancholy story are to be met with in the volumes of the various historians and travellers who have made Venice the subject of their disquisitions ; but the most copious and correct version of the circumstances will be found in Dr. Moore's *Travels in Italy*, from which we have principally derived the materials for the following notice :—

The government of Venice have ever been proverbially severe in the ex-

ecution of their laws, without respect either to the rank or situation of the supposed delinquent ; and, in order that they might be carried into effect with the utmost rigour, they appointed magistrates, whose particular province it was to see that the judges did not exhibit, towards the presumed culprit, the slightest marks of clemency or indulgence. In the case of the council from whom Foscari received his condemnation, however, the situations of these superinducers of relentless severity would seem to have been sinecures ; for the inflexibility of the Venetian senate needed no spur on this memorable occasion.

Foscari, son of the Doge of that name, having offended the senate of Venice by the commission of some juvenile imprudences in that city, was, by their orders, put into temporary confinement at Treviso ; when Alnoor Donato, one of the Council of Ten, was assassinated on the 5th of November, 1750, as he entered his own house.

A reward, in ready money, with pardon for that and any other crime, and a pension of two hundred ducats, revertible to children, was promised to any person who should be the means of bringing the perpetrator of this crime to justice. No such discovery, however, resulted from this proposal.

The apprehension of Foscari and one of his servants, upon the slightest and most unsatisfactory evidence, was the next step of the council. This young nobleman's footman had been observed loitering near Donato's palace on the night of the murder ; conscious, probably, that this solitary circumstance would give rise to his apprehension, and, dreading the unappeasable fury of his judges, Oliver (for that was the man's name) fled from Venice the next morning. This act, combined with other trifling coincidences, created a strong suspicion, that Foscari had employed his servant to commit the murder.

* These works have been received and published by Munroe and Francis—forming an additional volume to the Works of Lord Byron.

After seizing Oliver, and putting him to the most cruel tortures, without extracting from him any thing but repeated protestations of his total ignorance of the transaction, the Council of Ten cited his master Foscari before them, and treated him in the same barbarous and unjustifiable manner. His assertions of innocence, while under the endurance of the rack, were but slightly attended to by his merciless judges. "They convinced (says Dr. Moore) the court of his firmness, but, by no means of his innocence." Still, however, they could not sentence to death the son of one of the noblest families in Venice, without something like a legal proof of his guilt. They accordingly satisfied their thirst of vengeance for the assassination of their colleague, by banishing him to Canea, in the Island of Candia.

With the Romeo of our immortal poet, banishment from his family and friends would appear to have been considered by Foscari as a punishment to which death had been preferable; although we do not learn that he left behind him any fair Juliet, whose lamentations embittered still farther a doom already sufficiently severe. We trust, however, that his Lordship will, with his usual discrimination, have supplied a feature which could not fail of conducting, in an important degree, to the interest of his tragedy, for, as he himself has sagaciously remarked of women,

"All know, without the sex, our sonnets
Would seem unfinish'd, like their untrimm'd bonnets."

But, to proceed with our relation: "The unfortunate youth (says the author of *Zeluco*) bore his exile with more impatience than he had done the rack; he often wrote to his relations and friends, praying them to intercede in his behalf, that the term of his banishment might be abridged, and that he might be permitted to return to his family before he died. All these applications were fruitless; those to whom he addressed himself had never interfered in his favour for fear of giving offence to the obdurate council, or had interfered in vain."

At the end of five years' exile, having given up all hope of return thro' the

intercession of his own family or countrymen, he wrote to the Duke of Milan, reminding him of services rendered to that prince by his father, and urging him to exert his powerful influence with the government of Venice, to obtain a remission of his sentence. This letter was intrusted to a merchant journeying from Canea to that capital, who, instead of forwarding it, as he had faithfully promised to the Duke on his arrival at Venice, treacherously laid it before the chiefs of the Council of Ten.

It should here be premised, that, by the laws of the Venetian Republic, its subjects were strictly enjoined, under the severest penalties, from applying secretly, or otherwise, for the protection of foreign princes, in any matters referring to the decisions of their own Court of Judicature. The consequence of the infringement of this edict in young Foscari, was, that he was immediately remanded from Candia, and incarcerated in the prison for state criminals at Venice; from whence, by an unwarrantable stretch of the prerogative of his judges, he was once more brought up to be put to the torture, in order to elicit from him the motives by which he had been actuated, in addressing the Duke of Milan.

In answer to this inquiry, he declared, that, conscious of the perfidy of his messenger, as well as of the punishment that would, in all probability, follow his offence, in endeavouring to conciliate the good offices of a foreign prince; he had, in a fit of despair, addressed the Duke of Milan, as he foresaw that it would occasion his removal to Venice; the only opportunity that was ever likely to be afforded him of obtaining an interview with his relatives and friends; a consummation which he professed he most ardently desired, although it were only to be purchased by his death.

This act of filial piety availed him but little with his inquisitors. He was ordered back to Candia, there to remain in close confinement for the space of one year; besides which, his banishment from Venice to that place, was made perpetual, and a threat held out to him, that if he solicited again in any way, either directly or indirectly, the

aid of foreign princes, his imprisonment should only terminate with his life.

The father of Foscari had filled the office of Doge for thirty years; but, notwithstanding the influence which so exalted a situation ought to have created for him with the Senate, in a case of such flagrant injustice as the condemnation of his son, (without any proof, or even reasonable grounds for suspecting him of the offence which had been laid to his charge,) he was unable to obtain from the council any remission of the young man's punishment. He, however, visited his son in the place wherein he was confined during his stay at Venice, and deploring in the most moving terms his inability to serve him, exhorted him to bear with fortitude the evil, however severe and undeserved, for there was no remedy. The scene of Foscari's interview with his parents, for his mother was also present at this meeting, has, we doubt not, been pathetically dwelt upon by Lord Byron. His son replied, (says Dr. Moore,) that he was incapable of attending to the advice of his father, that, however others could support the dismal loneliness of a prison, he could not; that his heart was formed for friendship and the reciprocal endearments of private life, without which his soul sank into dejection worse than death, from which alone he should look for relief, if he should again be confined to the horrors of a prison; and, melting into tears, he sunk at his father's feet, imploring him to take compassion on a son who had ever loved him with the most dutiful affection, and who was perfectly innocent of the crime of which he was accused; he conjured him by every bond of nature and religion, by the bowels of a father and the mercy of a Redeemer, to use his influence with the council to mitigate the sentence, that he might be saved from the most cruel of all deaths, that of expiring under the slow tortures of a broken heart, in a horrible banishment from every creature he loved.

This affecting appeal rendered the

grief of the unhappy father still more acute, who was well aware how fruitless would be his endeavours in his son's behalf. Unable to support the anguish of a separation under such distressing circumstances, the old man sunk into a state of insensibility, from which he did not recover until the vessel, that was to bear his son once more into exile, had spread its sails for Candia. The grief of his aged consort has been movingly described by those who have taken upon themselves the record of this melancholy history. The overwhelming misery of these unfortunate parents, interested, at length, one or two of the most powerful senators; who applied with so much earnestness for the pardon of the young Foscari, that they were on the point of accomplishing their object, when information arrived from Candia, that the noble-hearted youth had expired in prison, a few months after his return.

It was not until some time had elapsed that the real murderer was discovered. Nicholas Erizzo, a Venetian of high rank, being a few years afterwards upon his death-bed, confessed that in revenge for a supposed affront, put upon him by the senator Donato, he had committed the assassination for which Foscari had, in a great measure, undergone the penalty.

Before this disclosure took place, the sorrows of the aged Doge were at an end. He died a few months after his son. Although he is said to have relied confidently upon the innocence of his child, it is much to be deplored that he did not live until the odious stigma, which had been attached to his name and memory, was thus effectually removed.

Such is the story which Lord Byron is said to have employed in the construction of one of his forthcoming tragedies. It is a subject which, however deficient it may be as it respects variety of incident, is nevertheless much more worthy of poetical illustration than the tiresome fretfulness of the superannuated Doge, Faliero.

Lit. Gaz.

LORD BYRON, IN A NOTE TO THE TWO FOSCARI, SAYS :—

"In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon *"Italy,"* I perceive the expression of *"Rome of the Ocean"* applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the *"Two Foscari."* My publisher can vouch for me that the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August. I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public. I am the more anxious to do this as I am informed (for I have seen but few of the specimens, and those accidentally) that there have been lately brought against me charges of plagiarism. I have also had an anonymous sort of threatening intimation of the same kind, apparently with the intent of extorting money. To such charges I have no answer to make. One of them is ludicrous enough. I am reproached for having formed the description of a shipwreck in verse from the narratives of many *actual* shipwrecks in *prose*, selecting such materials as were most striking. Gibbon makes it a merit in Tasso "to have copied the minutest details of the Siege of Jerusalem from the Chronicles." In *me* it may be a demerit, I presume; let it remain so. Whilst I have been occupied in defending *Pope's* character, the lower orders of Grub-street appear to have been assailing *mine*: this is as it should be, both in them and in me. One of the accusations in the nameless epistle alluded to is still more laughable: it states seriously that I "received five hundred pounds for writing advertisements for Day and Martin's patent blacking!" This is the highest compliment to my literary powers which I ever received. It states also "that a person has been trying to make acquaintance with Mr. Townsend, a gentleman of the law, who was with me on business in Venice three years ago, for the purpose of obtaining any defamatory particulars of my life from this occasional visitor." Mr. Townsend is welcome to say what he knows. I mention these particulars merely to show the world in general what the *literary* lower world contains, and their way of setting to work. Another charge made, I am told, in the *"Literary Gazette"* is, that I wrote the notes to *"Queen Mab;"* a work which I never saw till some time after its publication, and which I recollect showing to Mr. Southey as a poem of great power and imagination. I never wrote a line of the notes, nor ever saw them except in their published form. No one knows better than their real author, that his opinions and mine differ materially upon the metaphysical portion of that work; though in common with all who are not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly admire the poetry of that and his other publications.

Mr. Southey, too, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is

equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the "legislature to look to it," as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the "Satanic School." This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French revolution, and the French revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious—the government exacted too much, and the people could neither give nor bear more. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution—the first, I mean—what was it occasioned by? The *puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts—acts on the part of government, *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have I to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again: but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theophilanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt.—There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes—unless, indeed, they are persecuted—that, to be sure, will increase any thing.

Mr. S. with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated "death-bed repentance" of the objects of his dislike; and indulges himself in a pleasant "Vision of Judgment," in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. S.'s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, I have not waited for a "death-bed" to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the "diabolical pride" which this pitiful renegade in his rancour would impute to those who scorn him. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain; but, as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, "in my degree," have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calumnies of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance; but the only act of my life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connexion of his own, did no dishonour to that connexion nor to me.

I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey's calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others: they have done him no good in this world; and, if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What his "death-bed" may be, it is not my province to predicate: let him settle it with his Maker, as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all works sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of "Gebir," whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, "be an honour to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten." I for one neither envy him "the friendship," nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson's fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in "English Bards") Porson said "would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then." For the present I leave him.

SINGULAR ADVENTURES OF M. ARAGO.

Literary Gazette.

DURING the last war, the two French Mathematicians, Biot and Arago, travelled, with the permission of England and Spain, to make experiments for the purpose of measuring an arc of the Meridian. Biot happily returned to France; but Arago, before he succeeded, encountered some singular adventures.

He was in Majorca, on the Mountain de Gallazzo, concluding his labours after which he intended to return to Paris, when suddenly there arose a disturbance among the people of the island. They fancied that Arago's instruments, and particularly the fire signals which he gave to other observers employed at Ivica, were intended to invite their enemy the French to the Island, and to show them the way. Arago suddenly heard the dreadful cry all round—"Treason! Death!" The assault upon Mount Galazzo instantly commenced, but its cause fortunately perceived the imminent danger. He quickly chang-

ed his dress for that of a peasant of the island, and escaped to Palma. Here he found the ship which had brought him to the island, and concealed himself in it. He at the same time succeeded, through some brave men of the crew, in regaining his mathematical instruments, which he had been obliged to leave on the mountain. But new terrors awaited him in this disguise. Either through fear or treachery, the Spanish Captain of the ship quite unexpectedly refused to protect Arago any farther, though he had always shown himself his friend; he also refused to take him back to France; entreaties, promises, reproaches—nothing would avail. In this great emergency, the chief commander of the island fortunately took the part of Arago, but could not save him at that time, but by confining him as a prisoner in the fortress. While Arago was obliged to remain here several months his life was sometimes in the greatest danger. The

fanatical Monks attempted several times to bribe the guards and murder the prisoner. The Spanish mathematician, Rodriguez, his fellow labourer and faithful friend, who never quitted his side, was his deliverer. This worthy man would not rest, till he had obtained, by his representations against the injustice of the unaccountable maltreatment of an innocent person, the liberty of his friend, and at the same time permission for him to go over to Algiers in a small vessel of his own.

In Algiers, Du Bois Tainville, at that time French Consul, kindly received him, and took means to put him on board an Algerine merchantman, that he might return to France. At first every thing went according to his wishes. The ship approached Marseilles, and Arago, with the fairest hopes, already found himself in the harbour. But, at the same moment, a Spanish privateer attacked the ship, took it, and brought it to Rosas on the Spanish coast. Arago might still have been liberated, as he was entered in the ship's books as a *German* merchant; but, unfortunately, he was recognized to be a Frenchman by one of the sailors, who had previously been in the French service, and was, with his companions, thrown into the most dreadful imprisonment. But when the Dey of Algiers heard of the insult to his flag, he immediately demanded the ship, its cargo and crew, to be instantly returned, and in case of refusal, he threatened to declare war against the king of Spain. This had the desired effect. The ship and the crew were liberated, and Arago sailed for the second time to Marseilles, without in the least doubting his safe arrival; he already saw the town, the ship once more steered towards the harbour, when suddenly a furious north-west storm arose, and drove it with irresistible violence towards Sardinia. How hard a fate! The Sardinians were at war with the Algerines. A new imprisonment awaited them. The commander therefore resolved to seek refuge on the coast of Africa. Though they were so distant, he succeeded. He run in to the harbour of Bougie, three days' voyage from Algiers. But here another very

unfortunate piece of news awaited poor Arago. The former Dey of Algiers, his friend, had been killed in a commotion and another ruler chosen. For this reason the party of the new Dey examined the ship with suspicious rigour, and the heavy trunks of Arago, which contained his mathematical instruments, were immediately seized: for what else could they contain but gold? Why else should they have been so carefully secured, if they were not filled with sequins? He was obliged to leave his instruments in the hands of the Algerines. A new misfortune was added to this. How could he make a three days' journey to Algiers by land among a savage and highly irritated people? Courage and presence of mind, however, saved him. He disguised himself in the Turkish costume, and went under the protection of a greatly esteemed priest of those parts, who conducted him, with some others, through inhospitable mountains and dreary deserts, and after overcoming many threatening dangers, arrived at last in safety at Algiers. How was Du Bois Tainville astonished to see his countryman suddenly again, in a Turkish dress, whom he had long fancied to be at Marseilles. He took up his cause with the greatest zeal, found means to have the chests returned, which no longer interested the Algerines of Bougie, as they had found brass instead of gold, and kept the "Adventurer against his will," as the opportunities of sailing to France were, at that time, as rare as dangerous. Thus another six months passed. At last Du Bois was recalled by Buonaparte, to France. He began his voyage, accompanied by Arago, for the third time to France. But they scarcely saw Marseilles, when an English fleet appeared, which ordered them to return to Minorca, as all the French harbours were at that time in a state of blockade. The ships accompanying Du Bois obeyed; only the one on board of which Arago was embraced a favourable fresh breeze, and ran into the harbour with all sail spread. The services of Arago were duly appreciated in his country; and he was honorably rewarded by a situation in the Astronomical department.

(Literary Gazette.)

MEMOIRS of the CELEBRATED PERSONS composing the KIT-CAT CLUB.

THIS work, apparently compiled as a vehicle for the portraits, as an opera is written for the sake of the music, has been so well done that it possesses an intrinsic value far beyond what could have been anticipated, and forms altogether a very pleasing and interesting miscellany.

The Kit-Cat Club, composed of the principal noblemen and gentlemen of the reign of Queen Anne, was instituted about the year 1700. The ostensible objects of its members appear to have been the encouragement of literature and the fine arts, and the promotion of loyalty and allegiance to the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover. It was in their political character that Horace Walpole spoke of them as 'the patriots that saved Britain;' and if we look to the continued and zealous support afforded to the constitutional government of the country by this distinguished association in emergencies upon which the future welfare of England so materially depended, it must be acknowledged that this eulogy, exalted as it is, has not been misapplied. But politics occupied by no means exclusively the attention of this celebrated Club. They proposed rewards for literary merit, on something like the plan of the Royal Society of the present day. Pope 'remembers having seen a paper in Lord Halifax's handwriting, offering a premium of four hundred guineas for the best written comedy.' In matters of taste and criticism these gentlemen were in every respect the leaders of the town. A new play of Dryden's could hardly be relished until its merit had been stamped by the approbation of the Kit-Cat Club; and the booksellers of those days were cautious of speculating upon any work, however apparently important, until they had consulted some one or other of its members as to the propriety of the undertaking.

The Kit-Cat Club is said to have derived its name from the person at whose house the meetings of the members were first held. Their earliest place of

rendezvous was at an obscure pastry-cook's, in Shire-lane, near Temple-bar, called *Christopher Cat*, eminent for the manufacture of *mutton-pies*, which used to form the standing dish of the society at their suppers. Aided and assisted by his friend Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who was the secretary, the key-stone, and, as some have affirmed, the founder of the club, and patronized by his illustrious visitors, CHRISTOPHER, or for brevity's sake KIT CAT, removed to a more commodious residence, the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, where his guests became regular in their attendance, and increased from the thirty-nine mentioned by Malone, to the forty-eight, whose portraits are included in the present volume; among these we may instance the Dukes of Marlborough and Newcastle, the Earls of Dorset and Halifax, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Vanbrugh, Garth, Steele, Addison, Congreve, Pulteney, Walsh, Stepney, &c. thus numbering, in the list of the members of this knot of illustrious persons, almost all the rank and talent of a period which has been not unaptly termed the Augustan Age of British Literature.

Having thus brought our readers acquainted with this politic-literary-amateur-convivial body, and not having left ourselves room for any very long extract from the work whence we have deduced our information, we shall limit this notice to a few of the many anecdotes related of its members, which we find interspersed in their respective biographies.

"*Bill for Licensing Plays.*—In 1737, Sir Robert Walpole brought a bill into the House of Commons, the object of which was to prescribe proper bounds for dramatic performances, and to enforce a restraint upon the licentiousness of the stage, which at this juncture was outraging all decency and decorum, by its low buffoonery and ribald satire upon all orders of persons entitled to consideration and respect. The office of 'Master of the Revels,'

established in the reign of Henry VIII. and modified and rendered more effective by Queen Elizabeth, but which was set aside, or at least disregarded, during the reign of Charles II. was virtually revived by the bill thus introduced, and the power of licensing players and stage performances with the Lord Chamberlain, who was instructed to compel all persons to send copies of any new plays, parts added to old plays, prologues, and epilogues, fourteen days before they were acted or spoken, and in default of not attending to this injunction, a forfeiture of 50*l.* was fixed upon for every delinquent, besides the loss of the license of the theatre where the piece was acted. The propriety and utility of this measure has been universally admitted; while the gross licentiousness which used to prevail was suppressed, no real injury was inflicted upon the drama; for the indecency it curbed is not at all a necessary *adjuvant* of wit, nor are vulgar and disgusting lampoons in any way synonymous with the productions of the satiric muse."

We have also the following anecdotes of the same celebrated Minister:—

"In a squabble between Mr. Pulteney and Sir. R. Walpole, in the House of Commons, the former playfully told his antagonist that his *Latin* was not so good as his *politics*. Pulteney insisted that Walpole had misquoted a line from Horace, which he was not disposed to admit. A wager of a guinea was immediately staked on the question by each party, and Harding, the clerk of the House, was applied to as arbiter, who rose with ludicrous solemnity, and gave it against his patron. The guinea was thrown across the House, which Pulteney took up, saying it was the first *public money* he had touched for a long time. He had formerly been in office. At his death this guinea was discovered, carefully preserved in a piece of paper, with a memorandum upon it recording the circumstance.

"Walpole was accustomed to say, when speaking of corruption, 'We ministers are generally called, and are, sometimes, tempters, but we are often-er tempted.'

"As a proof of Walpole's profuse liberality to those who advocated his cause, we may instance the following anecdote:—About 1735 some severe pamphlets were published against his administration. Among others was a poem intitled 'Are these Things so?' A young gentleman of nineteen years of age took it into his head to write an answer to this piece, to which he gave the title of 'Yes, they are.' Sir Robert was so pleased with it, although but an insignificant performance, that he sent for Roberts the publisher, and expressed his great satisfaction at the compliment paid him, by giving a bank note of a hundred pounds, which he desired the publisher to present to the author."

Of Steele we find a curious story:

"Sir Richard Steele had constructed a very elegant theatre in his house for the recitation of select passages from favourite authors, and wishing to ascertain whether it was as well calculated to gratify the ear as the eye, desired the carpenter, who had completed the work, to ascend a pulpit placed at one end of the building, and speak a few sentences. The carpenter obeyed, but when mounted found himself utterly at a loss for the matter of his harangue. Sir Richard begged he would pronounce whatever came first into his head. Thus encouraged, the new-made orator began, and looking steadfastly at the knight, in a voice like thunder, exclaimed 'Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have.' Sir Richard replied, that he was in raptures with the eloquence, but by no means admired the subject."

Of Addison there are many anecdotes, from which we select the subjoined:—

"The Countess of Warwick treated her husband, Addison, with extreme superciliousness and contempt; as though she believed that the mere casualty of splendid birth entitled her to arrogate an insolent superiority over a

man of exquisite genius and unsullied virtue. Not content with treating him with the least possible deference, and manifesting her want of consideration to him, even to her servants and dependants, this wretched woman sought to implant the same sentiments in the bosom of their only child, and endeavoured, as we are assured from good authority, to teach her to despise the memory of her father. The lady who had the education of the girl assured the editor of the *Tattler* (ed. 1797) that her pupil was distinguished for her marked dislike to her father's writings, and her unconquerable aversion to the perusal of them. Indeed it is more than surmised that the days of Addison were shortened by the unhappiness which attended his connexion with his high born and heartless consort." * * *

"The Queen, at the instance of the Duchess of Marlborough, constituted Addison Keeper of the Records in Ireland; and increased the salary, which, until then, had been very trifling, to 300*l.* a year. There is an anecdote related by Swift of our author, while in the performance of the duties of this office, which serves to illustrate his prudence and carefulness in matters in which money was to be gained. He would never remit the fees of his office even to his friends. 'I may,' said he, 'have a hundred friends; and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two. The evil suffered, therefore, beyond all proportion, exceeds the benefit done.' Of the independence and integrity of his conduct in refusing every thing in the shape of compliment or *douceur*, we have a remarkable instance in the letter addressed by him to Major Dunbar, who had sent him a bank-note of 300*l.*, by way of gratuity, in order that he might expedite his business with the Lord Lieutenant." * * *

"Steele, speaking of the effects which were produced by wine upon his friend Addison, remarks: 'When he is once arrived at his pint, and begins to look

about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discern the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth. In a word, by his enlivening aid he is whatever is polite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story, serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself.' The effects produced by wine upon different constitutions has been commented upon with considerable humour by Horace. One man weeps under the influence of the bottle, the miserable martyr of maudlin sensibility; another becomes merry and loquacious; a third grows noisy and quarrelsome; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. It is a curious fact, that when Addison and Steele dined in company with each other, such different results were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious by the time the latter had absorbed wine enough to make him heavy and uncommunicative. One of the annotators on the *Tattler* goes so far as to assert that Addison shortened his existence by an immoderate use of Canary wine and Barbadoes water. This person has been informed that Jacob Tonson boasted of paying his court, not unsuccessfully, by inventing excuses for requesting a glass of the last-mentioned liquor, in order to furnish the poet with an opportunity and an apology for his indulging his own inclination. 'We believe this,' says our author, 'like many of the stories resting upon the old bookseller (mis-called *honest*) Jacob's testimony, to be utterly destitute of foundation, as it is quite unlikely that Addison could not have indulged in his favourite potations without waiting for apology so ridiculous and unsatisfactory either to himself or others.' "

With these extracts we must conclude, though it is not unlikely that we shall devote another paper to this entertaining volume.

APOLOGY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, in his Preface, issued with the December Number, thus remarks :—

“WHILST the Editor declares himself deeply conscious of being answerable for the general character and moral tendency of the Work which he conducts he must also remark, that his responsibility is not to be too rigorously interpreted as extending to every shade and expression of opinion which the publication may contain. It is impossible to give exact harmony and consistency to the sentiments of a numerous and changing body of contributors ; and the spirit and originality of an amusing paper might often be more injured by pruning its eccentricities, than by suffering them to remain.

Under this plea the Editor has no desire to excuse himself for one article, which has given offence, rather too justly, on the other side of the Atlantic. He inserted it without reflection, but had observed its unfairness, and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it, long before the fair and temperate reply which Mr. Everett made to it had reached him. In advertizing to this paper he will have occasion for once, and he hopes only for once, to touch upon politics ; but it shall be but generally, and nothing but the necessity of self-defence shall make him resume the subject. With reluctance, but from a sense of duty, he must criticise a paper in his own work, communicated to him by a valued friend, to whose taste and sentiments he would defer, perhaps, on any occasion but the present. But when his friend deprecates our literary feuds with America, he applies, in the Editor's opinion, the most faulty methods of appeasing them. He denies, and it is to be hoped we all deny, any systematic hatred towards the Americans ; but he charges the large majority of that people with being vain, vulgar, and boisterous, and full of national prejudices ; which, when they come to this country, take the form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness. Hard words these ; and, perhaps, not very usefully uttered even if true. But if they be not true—if this sweeping computation of the tolerable or intolerable character of a whole

nation can be even suspected of exaggeration, how unfair and how dangerous to have made it. For his own part the Editor can say, that he believes he has known more Americans than the writer of the paper. Possibly, in the course of his life, not less than an hundred—men of various vocations, characters, and degrees of education. He has argued with them, and heard them argue, on national subjects ; but he can safely declare, that he never thought them more boisterous than other men ; on the contrary, rather distinguished, in general, by coolness and self-possession. Exceptions of warmth, as among the people of all countries when their prejudices are ruffled, he may have observed ; but unmeasured hatred, or rudeness, never.

If we dislike the American manner, (our own, the world says, is not perfect) we should not rake up its imperfections when we protest our wish to put an end to a paper war with that people. It is an useless jar in the tones of our harmony to talk of their disagreeable peculiarities at the moment of confessing that those faults have not eaten into the heart and substance of their national character, and after quoting travellers, who attest “*the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of their troops*, and the general religion and hospitality of their people.” But the Americans are told they should be satisfied with our full acknowledgments of their virtues. And so they would have been, no doubt, if the compliments from our press had not come to them so bedaubed with inconsistent aspersions, as to resemble oranges that have been dipped in the kennel. For, in testifying their humanity, we parenthetically bemoan their ferocity. We reproach them, and yet say we are willing to be well with them. We hold out to them the olive-branch, and whip them with it as a conciliatory ceremony. With all this we tell them, however, that they must not be offended, because it is our way to caricature and gibbet Kings and Queens, and Bishops, for the popular entertainment,

forgetting that the Americans have nothing to do with our treatment of Kings and Bishops, and that our literature should be as dissimilar as possible to either gibbets or caricatures. Farther, we enjoin them silence and good humour. The charms of silence we illustrate by harangues on their soreness and irritability ; and we suggest their vulgar manners, their scanty literature, and the prospect of their language being for ever amenable to our correction, as themes on which they may meditate during their pleased and pensive taciturnity.

But we admire the writings of Washington Irving, and, it might have been added, the pictures of Lesley, and of the American Newton.* And this is a pledge of our perfect liberality. So thinks the Editor's friend, but not so the Editor. For the Americans have gone before us in this species of justice, having praised our British books abundantly, and yet without obtaining credit for entire freedom from prejudices. Nor, in strictness, have they deserved it. It is on neither side an excuse for national abuse to have paid compliments to individuals. The charitable feeling between two kindred and free nations ought to extend much farther, and exclude all collective animosity. How to produce this Christian spirit is, to be sure, the problem which can never be practically solved in perfection. Yet, let antipathies be softened, if they cannot be eradicated. If our interests and those of America be the same, they should unite us ; if they jar, the more composure of mind is necessary to adjust them. America is told that she will always find friends in England, from the party which supports the republican side of our mixed constitution. But is this all that England can offer America—not the milk of human kindness, but the spare gall of political wrangling ? Is not every English royalist interested to demonstrate, in his demeanour towards America, that Monarchy creates more courtesy of manners, than Republicanism ?—that chivalrous recollection inspire magnanimity ? that our Universities teach

dispassionate ethics ; and that our Church is at the head of Christian churches, by its having impressed our public character with forbearance and charity ?

So much for the feelings that ought to be brought into his business. As to wrangling with America in print, it should be the policy of all honest British politicians to avoid it.

If the anxious Monarchist be alarmed at her citizens over-describing their democratical blessings, he should recollect that every contemptuous word we throw out is a challenge to their pride and boastfulness, and a temptation for them to exaggerate the pictures of their own felicity. And though we may expose many of their false assertions, yet, as all human things have imperfections, those of our own venerable institutions are in turn laid open to the detraction of antagonists, whom we irritate in order to make sure of their candour. It is true that rude remarks on England might come from America, supposing our press to be ever so moderate. English emigrants rail at us ; but for these the native American character is not responsible. Granting, however, that this railing is an evil, how is it best to be mitigated ? The transatlantic press cannot be silenced by force : though vanquished in argument, it would argue still. All angry discussion on our part that inflames the whole American people, makes them speak ten times of our tithes and taxes for once that they would mention them if not embarked in a provoking controversy. And their boastings of immunity from such burthens—boastings undeniably aggravated by the reproaches which we offer them—come indirectly, through seditious newspapers, to our taxed and tithed, and reading poor. By wrangling with the only nation that speaks English, we render the only foreign newspaper an uneducated Englishman can read, to the utmost extent in our power, a gazette of his causes for discontent. If the American press be despicable, the surest token of our contempt would be silence ; if it be formidable, it is better to be at peace than at

* The Editor calls him American, because there is an ingenious English artist of the same name.

war with it. If America has been violent in this war of words, it is clear that we have not been moderate : even her federalists have been insulted by us. When she has spoken of those whom she thought her great men, and mentioned Patrick Henry, it has been contemptuously asked, in one of our most popular publications, "Who is he?"—The memory of Patrick Henry is deeply respected by his countrymen. He was the first orator who stood up in an American assembly to propose the resolution of their independence. Whether we choose to call him great or not, he was a bold and distinguished man. His name is inwoven in his country's history, and ought to have been known to every one pretending to write about America.

This is not the way to deal, either effectively or fairly, with the citizens of the United States. Let us increase the number of their liberals, by our own liberality. Their Republicans, in candid moments, will acknowledge defects in their own system of policy, calculated to make an Englishman better satisfied with his own institutions—acknowledgments which their pride will justly refuse to our haughty treatment ; and it must be owned that we treat them haughtily, when we subjoin to the name of one of their best and bravest patriots the ignorant and insolent interrogation of "Who is he?"

There is no need to flatter their self-complacency. But surely it need not compromise our dignity, that the general character of our publications should gain over the young American, who is to be the future senator or ruler of his country, to form pleasing associations with the political literature of Britain. It were better that the language recording his ties of affinity with us, were not the only one, perhaps, in the world, in which he can read humiliating truths or irritating falsehoods about his country, and expressions of contempt, calculated to make him vow, in the weakness of human nature, that no love shall be lost between himself and Old England.

The worst thing urged against America is her negro slavery—a theme, no doubt, for the general philanthropist,

but not for the Englishman as a ground of unqualified national vanity. Slaves cannot breathe in England. Yes, but they can breathe in the English West Indies, and breathe heavier groans (it is said) than in America. And we profit by this slavery, and we pay taxes to maintain it. The negro, however, is free the moment he reaches our shores. And could he reach them at his pleasure, we might then boast that we took the chains from his limbs, and bound them round his heart. But he cannot come over to us. An English soldier would help to kill him, if he asserted his liberty ; and the main power that coerces him is English. Now, the plea which our own colonists allege for possessing slaves is necessity, and we either admit or reject this plea. If we absolve the West Indian, we cannot condemn the American. If we denounce them both as tyrants, it is clear that, of the two, we are most nearly and practically concerned with our fellow subjects of the West Indies. If we can justify or palliate their slavery, let us make allowance for that of America. And if we cannot justify it, then, before we preach the emancipation of slaves to another empire, we should first make efforts to accomplish that emancipation in our own.

It is prophesying at random to speak of the future dependence of the American language and literature upon ours ; and it is unfair to deride their future prospects of fame, which are neither contemptible nor chimerical. In maintaining real rights, let us be resolute ; but not in bandying irritating and useless speculations. Much less in accusations that heighten national antipathies. How degrading to both countries was the spectacle when the American press accused Englishmen of stirring their punch with the amputated fingers of Irish rebels, and when England retorted by charging American parents with letting their children run drunk about the streets—a loathsome rivalry in scandal that would have disgraced honest fishwomen. From calumnies like these, base as they are, spring antipathies that prepare the human mind for the guilt of war. The serpents' teeth, though buried in the

dirt, produce armed men. The evil of nationally hostile writers lives long after their short reputations—it is felt by posterity, when their works are gone to the grocer's shop.

In all that the Editor has said, he has not meant to justify the malignity or injustice of any American railer against England. He has only argued that British pride should be above exasperation, and should be inclined rather to pardon than punish the irascible anxiety of the Americans respecting their national character, which, though great for their age as a nation, is yet proceeding, and incomplete. That very anxiety, though it may have been misdirected, is a virtuous emotion in a young nation.

If any ill-natured remarks should be made on this apology which the Editor has offered the people of the United States, he can promise his critics one advantage, that he will (in all probability) make no reply to them. But the sober part of the British community will scarcely require an excuse for his having spoken thus respectfully of the Americans. It was a duty peculiarly imposed on him by the candid manner of Mr. Everett's reply; and it was otherwise, as he felt in his heart, deservedly claimed by a people eulogized by Burke and Chatham—by a land that brings such recollections to the mind as the wisdom of Washington and Franklin, and the heroism of Warren and Montgomery. T. C.

DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, THE POET.

(From the London Time's Telescope, Jan. 1822.)

Some, in their age,
Ripe for the sickle; others, young, like him,
And falling green beneath th' untimely stroke.

MR. KEATS died at Rome, Feb. 23, 1821, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. His complaint was a *consumption*, under which he had languished for some time; but his death was accelerated by a cold caught in his voyage to Italy. It is rather singular, that, in the year 1816, he expressed an ardent desire to visit the shores of Italy, in one of his earliest productions, and is too beautiful to be omitted in this humble tribute to his memory.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent;
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an *Alp* as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me,
Enough their whitest arms in silence elinging;
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

Mr. Keats was, in the truest sense of the word, a **POET**. There is but a small portion of the public acquainted

with the writings of this young man: yet they were full of high imagination and delicate fancy, and his images were beautiful and more entirely his own, perhaps, than those of any living writer whatever. He had a fine ear, a tender heart, and at times great force and originality of expression; and notwithstanding all this, he has been suffered to rise and pass away almost without a notice: the laurel has been awarded (for the present) to other brows; the bolder aspirants have been allowed to take their station on the slippery steps of the Temple of Fame, while he has been nearly hidden among the crowd during his life, and has at last died, solitary and in sorrow, in a foreign land.

It is at all times difficult, if not impossible, to argue others into a love of poets and poetry: it is altogether a matter of feeling, and we must leave to time (while it hallows his memory) to do justice to the reputation of Keats. There were many, however, even among the critics, who held his powers in high estimation; and it was well observed by the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that there was no other author whatever, whose writings would form so good a test by which to try the love

which any one professed to bear towards poetry. In proof of this assertion, we need only refer to the following exquisite Ode, which, that we may do ample justice to the author, we shall quote entire. The poem will be more striking to the reader, when he understands that it was written not long before Mr. Keats left England, when the author's powerful mind had for some time past inhabited a sickened and shaking body,—and had suffered from the baleful effects of the poisoned shafts of *critical malignity*!

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease,

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around with all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Thro' verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in the embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
With hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In antient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Thro' the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

GREECE.

Is it but the hollow wind
Thro' the dreary sea beach sounding—
Is it but the hunted hind
Thro' the leafy desert bounding?
'Tis the tread of Grecian men,
Rushing thro' the twilight pale;
'Tis the echo of the glen
To their trumpet's brazen wail.
What has lit that sanguine star,
Sitting on the mountain's brow?
'Tis the fiery sign of war
To the warrior tribes below.

3H ATHENEUM VOL. 10.

Where was born the sudden flash,
Darting upward from the shore?
Answer—sword and target's clash!
Answer—Freedom's hallow'd roar!
Onward comes the mighty column,
Winding by the silver sea;
To its chaunt severe and solemn,
Athens' hymn of liberty!
Now they climb the Spartan mountain,
Now they sweep th' Arcadian vale,
Now beside the Argive fountain,
Glitters in the morn their mail!

Like a storm the march advances,
 With a deep and gathering sound ;
 Now above the throng of lances,
 See the ancient flags abound !
 Bearing each a glorious name,
 Each a summons to the soul,
 Each a guiding lightning flame,—
 Soon the thunderbolt shall roll !

Not a spot that host are treading,
 But has been a hero's grave ;
 But has seen a tyrant bleeding,
 But has seen a ransom'd slave !
Moslem, fly ! thy hour is come,
 For the sword shall smite the chain
 In that shout has peal'd thy doom,
 Greece shall be herself again !

ANECDOTES OF ROUSSEAU.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DAVID HUME, THE HISTORIAN. CONTINUED.

Dear Doctor,†

No. X.

I HAD asked M. Rousseau the question you propose to me: He answered, that the story of his *Heloise* had some general & distant resemblance to Reality: such as was sufficient to warn his Imagination and assist his invention: But that all the chief circumstances were fictitious. I have heard in France, that he had been employ'd to teach Music to a young Lady, a Boarder in a Convent at Lyons; and that the Master & Scholar fell mutually in love with each other, but the affair was not attended with any Consequences. I think this work his Masterpiece; though he himself told me, that he valued most his *Contrat Sociale*; which is as preposterous a judgement as that of Milton, who prefer'd the *Paradise* regain'd to his other performances.

This man, the most singular of all human Beings, has at last left me; and I have very little hopes of ever being able, for the future, to enjoy much of his company, tho' he says, that if I settle either in London or in Edinburgh, he will take a journey on foot every year to visit me. Mr. Davenport, a gentleman of 5 or £6000 (a year) in the North of England, & a man of great humanity and of a good understanding, has taken the charge of him. He has a house called Wooton, in the Peake of Derby, situated amidst mountains and rocks and streams and forrests, which pleases the wild imagination, and solitary humour of Rousseau; and as the Master seldom inhabited it, and only kept there a plain Table for Servants, he offer'd me to give it up to my Friend; I accepted, on condition that he wou'd take from him 30 pounds a year of

Board for himself and his *Gouvernante*, which he was so good natur'd as to agree to. Rousseau has about £80 a year which he has acquired by Contracts with his Booksellers, and by an Annuity of 25 pounds a year which he accepted from Lord Mareschal. This is the only man, who has yet been able to make him accept of money.

He was desperately resolv'd to rush into this solitude, notwithstanding all my remonstrances; and I foresee, that he will be unhappy in that situation, as he has indeed been always, in all situations. He will be entirely without occupation, without company, and almost without amusement of any kind. He has read very little during the course of his life, and he has now totally renounced all reading: He has seen very little, and has no manner of Curiosity to see or remark: He has reflected, properly speaking, and study'd, very little; and has not indeed much knowledge: He has only felt, during the whole course of his life; and in this respect, his sensibility rises to a pitch beyond what I have seen any Example of: But it still gives him a more acute feeling of Pain than of pleasure. He is like a man who were stript not only of his cloaths, but of his skin, and turn'd out in that situation to combat with the rude and boisterous Elements, such as perpetually disturb this lower World. I shall give you a remarkable instance of his turn of character in this respect: It pass'd in my room, the evening before his Departure.

He had resolved to set out with his *Gouvernante* in a post Chaise; but Davenport, willing to cheat him and save him some money, told him, that he

† Addressed to the Revd. Dr. Hugh Blair at Edinburgh.

had found a retour chaise for the place, which he might have for a trifle, and that luckily, it set out the very day, in which Rousseau intended to depart : His purpose was to hire a chaise, and make him believe this story. He succeeded at first ; but Rousseau, afterwards, ruminating on the circumstances, began to entertain a suspicion of the trick. He communicated his doubts to me, complaining that he was treated like a Child ; that tho' he was poor, he chose rather to conform his circumstances, than live like a Beggar, on alms ; and that he was very unhappy in not speaking the language familiarly, so as to guard against these Impositions. I told him that I was ignorant of the matter, and knew nothing more of it, than I was told by Mr. Davenport ; but if he pleas'd I should make enquiry about it. *Never tell me that,* reply'd he, *if this be really a contrivance of Davenport's you are acquainted with it, and consenting to it, and you cou'd not possibly have done me a greater Displeasure.* Upon which he sate down, very sullen and silent ; and all my attempts were in vain to revive the Conversation, and to turn it on other subjects : He still answered me very drily and coldly. At last, after pausing near an hour in this ill-humour, he rose up and took a turn about the room : But judge my surprize, when he sat down suddenly on my knee, threw his hands about my neck, kiss'd me with the greatest warmth, and bedewing all my face with tears, exclaim'd *Is it possible you can ever forgive me, my Dear Friend : After all the testimonies I have received from you, I reward you at last with this folly & ill-behaviour : But I have notwithstanding a heart worthy of friendship : I love you, I esteem you : and not an instance of your kindness is thrown away upon me.*—I think you have not so bad an opinion of me as to think I was not melted on this occasion : I assure you I kiss'd him and embrac'd him twenty times, with a plentiful effusion of tears. I think no scene of my life was ever more affecting.

I now understand perfectly his Aver-

sion to company, which appears so surprising in a man well qualify'd for the entertainment of Company, and which the greater part of the World takes for affectation. He has frequent and long fits of the spleen, from the state of his mind or Body, call it which you please ; and from his extreme Sensibility of temper, during that disposition, Company is a torment to him. When his spirits and health and good humour return, his fancy affords him so much and such agreeable occupation, that to call him off from it gives him uneasiness ; and even the Writing of Books, he tells me, as it limits and restrains his fancy to one subject, is not an agreeable entertainment. He never will write any more ; and never shou'd have wrote at all, could he have slept a-nights. But he lies awake commonly, and to keep himself from tiring, he usually compos'd something, which he wrote down when he arose. He assures me, that he composes very slowly, and with great labour and difficulty.

He is naturally very modest, and even ignorant of his own Superiority : His fire, which frequently rises in conversation, is gentle and temperate ; he is never, in the least, arrogant and domineering, and is indeed one of the best bred men I ever knew.* I shall give you such an instance of his modesty as must necessarily be sincere. When we were on the road, I recommended to him the learning of English, without which, I told him, he wou'd never enjoy entire liberty, nor be fully independent, and at his own disposal. He was sensible I was in the right ; and said, that he heard there were two English Translations of his *Emile* or *Treatise of Education* ; He wou'd get them, as soon as he arriv'd in London ; and as he knew the subject, he wou'd have no other trouble, than to learn or guess the words : This wou'd save him some pains in consulting the Dictionary ; and as he improv'd, it wou'd amuse him to compare the Translations, which was the best. Accordingly, soon after our arrival, I procur'd him the Books, but he return'd them in a few days, saying that they cou'd be of

* This letter is dated in March, 1766. In the course of the succeeding year, Mr. Hume was taught not to think quite so favourably of his *protege* in those particulars.

no use to him. *What is the matter,* reply'd I.—*I cannot endure them,* said he, *they are my own work, and ever since I delivered my Books to the Press, I never cou'd open them, or read a page of them without disgust.—That is strange,* said I, *I wonder the good reception they have met with from the World has not put you more in conceit with them.—Why!* said he, *if I were to count suffrages, there are perhaps more against them, than for them.—But,* rejoin'd I, *it is impossible but the style and eloquence and ornaments must please you.—To tell the truth,* said he, *I am not pleas'd with myself in that particular: But I still dread, that my Writings are good for nothing at the bottom, and that all my Theories are full of Extravagance. Je craigne toujours que je peche par le fond, et que tous mes systemes ne sont que des extravagances.—You see that this is judging of himself with the utmost severity, and censuring his Writings on the Side where they are most expos'd to Criticism. No feign'd modesty is ever capable of this courage. I never heard ——— reproach himself with the ———: Nobody ever heard you express any remorse for having put Ossian on the same footing with Homer.*

Have I tir'd you, or will you have any more Anecdotes of this singular personage? I think I hear you desire me to go on. He attempted once to justify to me the moral of his new *He-loisa*, which, he knew, was blam'd, as instructing young people, in the Art of gratifying their Passions, under the cover of Virtue and noble and refin'd sentiments. *You may observe,* said he, *that my Julia is faithful to her husband's bed, tho' she is seduc'd from*

*her duty during her single state: But this last circumstance can be of no consequence in France, where all the young Ladies are shut up in Convents, and have it not in their power to transgress: It might indeed have a bad effect in a protestant Country. But notwithstanding this reflection, he told me, that he had wrote a Continuation of his *Emilius*, which may soon be publish'd: He there attempts to show the effects of his plan of Education, by representing *Emilius* in all the most trying situations, and still extricating himself with courage and Virtue. Among the rest, he discovers that *Sophia*, the amiable, the virtuous, the estimable *Sophia*, is unfaithful to his bed, which fatal accident he bears with a manly and superior spirit. *In this work,* added he, *I have endeavoured to represent Sophia in such a light that she will appear equally amiable, equally virtuous, and equally estimable, as if she had no such Frailty.—You take a pleasure, I see,* said I, *to combat with difficulties in all your works.—Yes,* said he, *I hate marvellous and supernatural events in Novels. The only thing that can give pleasure in such performances is to place the personages in situations difficult and singular. Thus, you see, nothing remains for him but to write a Book for the instruction of Widows; unless perhaps he imagines that they can learn their lesson without instruction.—Adieu Dear Doctor; You say that you sometimes read my letters to our common friends; but you must read this only to the initiated.**

Yours, *usque ad oras.*

DAVID HUME.

Lisle Street Leicester fields,
25 March 1736.

THE CHIME BELLS OF MERIDEN.

On hearing them at Midnight.

WHAT tuneful sounds are those I hear,
Warbling so soft, so sweet, so clear?
'Tis not the night-bird's dulcet lay,
That carols in the merry May;
But floating down the lovely glen,
'Tis the sweet bells of Meriden.
Like spell-bound wight in armour'd hall,
I, listening, heard the waterfall;
And while the sleeping winds were still

In yonder wood, on yonder hill,
The turret clock struck twelve, and then
Chim'd the sweet bells of Meriden.
Ye who for pleasure idly roam,
And wish to find an inn a home,
When shuts the live-long summer's day,
Hither repair, and welcom'd, stay
To hear in this delightful glen
The soft, sweet bells of Meriden.

Stephensiana, No. XXX.

Literary Gazette.

The late Mr. H. S. WOODFALL.

I WAS pleased to find him a man of abilities and merit, occasionally relating with pleasantry, the persecutions with which he had been assailed, for the part he had taken in publishing the letters of Junius. Too much cannot be said in praise of those well written letters, as containing the politics of the times, and affording valuable materials not only for the historian, but the man of taste and the philosopher.

Mr. W. told me, March 10th, 1801, that he knew Dr. Wolcott well, having often met him behind the scenes. "I was brought up in some measure behind the scenes," said he to me, "as my father was printer to Covent Garden house, and I used to be always there, and indeed at both of the theatres." Mr. Wood was then the treasurer. The actors were not so well paid then as now, and they used to say to one another, on a Saturday night, when the piece was concluded, "Have you seen the treasury?" "Yes, but there is no coal there, "I will burn wood then."

The following Card was left at the QUEEN'S HOUSE, during the KING'S illness, in March, 1801.

"Captain Blake, of the Grenadiers, (George 1st.) was in the regiment of Colonel Murray, at the battle of Preston Pans, in the year 1745. He was left among the dead in the field of action, with no less than eleven wounds, one so capital as to carry away three inches of his skull. Has been preserved 56 years to relate the event, and enabled by gracious protection, to make his personal enquiry after his Majesty."

LOBSTERS.

These unfortunate and ill-used creatures, are caught in baskets on the coast of Scotland and even of Norway, and being carried into the Thames, are placed in large boxes, called lobster chests, with different widths between the joints, to allow the water to flow freely through and through. These are sunk at a place on the Essex coast, about ten miles below Gravesend,

where the water is salt. Thence they are draughted as occasion requires, and brought to Billingsgate, to supply the London market.

The WITTINAGEMOT of the CHAPTER.

From 1797 to 1805, I was accustomed to use the Chapter Coffee-house, where I always met with intelligent company, and enjoyed an interesting conversation. The box in the NE. corner used to be called the *Wittinagemot*. Early in the morning it was occupied by neighbours, who were designated the *Wet Paper Club*, as it was their practice to open the papers as brought in by the newsmen, and read them before they were dried by the waiter. A *dry* paper they viewed as a *stale* commodity.

In the afternoon another party enjoyed the *wet* evening papers, and it was these whom I met.

Dr. BUCHAN, author of the Domestic Medicine, generally held a seat in this box, and though he was a tory, he heard the freest discussions with good humour, and commonly acted as a moderator. His fine physiognomy and his white hairs qualified him for this office. But the fixture in the box was a Mr. HAMMOND, a Coventry manufacturer, who, evening after evening, for nearly 45 years, was always to be found in his place, and during the entire period was much distinguished for his severe and often able strictures on the events of the day. He had thus debated through the days of Wilkes, of the American war, and of the French wars, and being on the side of liberty, was constantly in opposition. His mode of arguing was *Socratic*, and he generally applied to his adversary the *reductio ad absurdum*, often creating bursts of laughter.

The registrar, or chronicle of the box, was a Mr. MURRAY, an episcopal Scotch clergyman, who generally sat in one place from nine in the morning till nine at night, and was famous for having read, at least once through, every morning and evening paper published in London during the last thirty

years. His memory being good, he was appealed to whenever any point of fact within the memory of man happened to be disputed. It was often remarked, however, that such incessant daily reading did not tend to clear his views.

Among those from whom I constantly profited, was Dr. BERDMORE, Master of the Charter House; WALKER, the rhetorician; and Dr. TOWERS, the political and historical writer. Dr. B. abounded in anecdote; Walker, to the finest enunciation, united the most intelligent head I ever met with; and Towers, over his half-pint of Lisbon, was sarcastic and lively, though never deep.

Among our constant visitors was the celebrated Dr. GEORGE FORDYCE, who, having much fashionable practice, brought news which had not generally transpired. He had not the appearance of a man of genius, nor did he debate, but he possessed sound information on all subjects. He came to the Chapter after his wine, and staid about an hour, or while he sipped a glass of brandy and water. It was then his habit to take another glass at the London, and a third at the Oxford, before he went to his house in Essex-street.

Dr. GOWER, the urbane and able physician of the Middlesex, was another pretty constant visitor, and added much to our stock of information. It was gratifying to hear such men as Fordyce, Gower, and Buchan, in familiar chat. On subjects of medicine they seldom agreed, and when such were started, they generally laughed at one another's opinions. They seemed to consider Chapter-punch, or brandy and water, as *aqua vitæ*; and, to the credit of the house, better punch is not found in London. If any one complained of being indisposed, the elder Buchan exclaimed, "Now, let me prescribe for you without a fee. Here—John, or Isaac, bring a glass of punch for Mr. —, unless he like brandy and water better. Take that, Sir, and I'll warrant you'll soon be well—you're a peg too low—you want a little stimulus, and if one glass won't do, call for a second.

There was a growling man of the name of DOBSON, who, when his asthma permitted, vented his spleen upon both sides; and a lover of absurd paradoxes, of the name of HERON, author of some works of merit, but so devoid of principle that, deserted by all, he would have died from want if Dr. Garthshore had not placed him as a patient in the empty Fever Institution.

ROBINSON, the King of the Booksellers, was frequently of the party, as well as his brother John, a man of some talent; and JOSEPH JOHNSON, the friend of Priestley, and Paine, and Cowper, and Fuzeli. PHILLIPS, then commencing his Magazine, was also on a keen look out for recruits, with his waistcoat-pocket full of guineas, to slip his enlisting money into their hands.

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, the workman of the Robinsons, and through introduction editor of many large books, also enlivened the box by many sallies of wit and humour, and in anecdotes, of which he had a plentiful store at command. He always took much pains to be distinguished from his name-sake George, who, he used to say, carried "*the leaden mace*," and was much provoked whenever he happened to be taken for his name-sake.

CAHUSAC, a teacher of the classics; M'LEOD, a writer in the papers; the two PARRYS of the Courier, then the organ of jacobinism; and Capt. SKINNER, a man of elegant manners, who personated our nation in the procession of Anacharsis Clootz, at Paris, in 1793, were also in constant attendance.

One BAKER, once a Spitalfields manufacturer, a great talker, and not less remarkable as an eater, was constant; but having shot himself at his lodgings in Kirkby-street, it was discovered that for some years he had had no other meal per day besides the supper which he took at the Chapter, where there being a choice of viands at the fixed price of one shilling, this, with a pint of porter, constituted his subsistence, till his last resources failing, he put an end to himself.

LOWNDES, the celebrated electrician, was another of our set, and a facetious man. BUCHAN, jun. a graduated son

of the Doctor, generally came with Lowndes, and though somewhat dogmatical, yet he added to the variety and good intelligence of our discussions, which, from the mixture of company, was as various as the contents of the newspapers.

Dr. BUSBY, the musician, and a very ingenious man, often obtained a hearing, and was earnest in disputing with the Tories. And MACFARLANE, the author of the History of George the Third, was always admired for the soundness of his views; but this worthy man was killed by the pole of a coach, during a procession of Sir F. Burdett, from Brentford.

KELLY, an Irish schoolmaster and gentlemanly man, kept up warm debates by his equivocating politics, and was often roughly handled by Hammond and others, though he bore his defeats with constant good humour.

There was a young man of the name of WILSON, who acquired the name of *Longbow* Wilson, from the number of extraordinary secrets of the *haut ton* which he used to retail by the hour. He was a good-tempered, and certainly very amusing person, who seemed likely to be an acquisition among the *Wittenagemot*, but having run up a score of thirty or forty pounds, he suddenly absented himself. Miss Brun, the keeper of the house, begged of me, if I met with him, to tell him that she would give him a receipt for the past, and further credit to any amount, if he would only return to the house; "for," said she, "if he never paid us, he was one of the best customers we ever had, contriving, by his stories and conversation, to keep a couple of boxes crowded the whole night, by which we made more punch, and more brandy and water, than from any other single cause whatever." I, however, never saw Wilson again, and suppose he is dead or gone abroad.

Some young men of talent came among us from time to time, as LovETT, a militia-officer; HENNELL, a coal-merchant, and some others, whose names I forget, and these seemed likely to keep up the party; but all things have an end—Dr. Buchan died, some young sparks affronted our Nestor, Hammond, on which he absented him-

self, after nearly fifty years attendance, and the noisy box of the *Wittenagemot* has for some years been remarkable for its silence and dulness. The two or three last times I was at the Chapter, I heard no noise above a whisper, and I almost shed a tear on thinking of men, habits, and times gone by for ever.

LORD HOWE.

When the late Lord Howe was a captain, a lieutenant, not remarkable for courage or presence of mind in dangers (common fame had brought some imputation on his character) ran to the great cabin, and informed his commander that the ship was on fire near the gun-room. Soon after this, he returned, exclaiming, "You need not be afraid, as the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" replied Capt. H. a little nettled: "How does a man *feel*, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he *looks*."

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD.

In one of the morning excursions of John, Duke of Bedford, he observed a woman at a short distance from him wringing her hands, weeping aloud, and discovering every mark of the deepest distress. Moved with sympathy, he immediately approached her, desired her to dry up her tears, and tell him the cause of her sorrow; promising at the same time to do her all the service in his power. Seeing a man in a plain genteel dress looking at her with an air of benignity, and interesting himself in her sufferings, and being entirely ignorant of his rank, she communicated her story to him without reserve. "I have," said she, "a large family; my husband is sick, and being unable to pay our rent, the Duke of Bedford's steward has seized our stock, and left us nothing but the dismal prospect of unavoidable ruin; and I came out to this field, to take my last sad sight of my poor cows, which are still feeding in the park there." Deeply affected with her melancholy tale, he advised her to drive the cows home, and offered to set open the gate for her for that purpose. At this proposal she started, burst again into tears, and absolutely refused to meddle with them. "They are no longer my husband's," said she; "and if I drive them home, I shall be looked upon as a thief; and for any thing I know, I may be hanged for it!" Forcibly struck with the justice of her reasoning, and the honest simplicity of her language, he gave her some money, and told her that he heartily pitied her, and would take the liberty to recommend her and her family to the Duke of Bedford, whom he knew to be a good natured sort of a man, and he hoped he would do something valuable for her. Accordingly, he desired her to call next day at Woburn Abbey, and ask for John Russell,

and he would introduce her to the duke, and speak to him in her behalf. The good woman having returned him many thanks, and promising to meet at the time and place appointed, they parted.

Next day, dressed in her best clothes, the poor woman went to the Abbey, and asked for John Russell; she was shown into a room, and told that Mr Russell would be with her immediately. She had not waited long, when several gentlemen richly dressed, entered the room. She knew at first sight the features of him who had conversed with her the day before; and strongly impressed with the idea of his being the duke himself, she was ready to faint with surprise; but his Grace walked up to her with a look of condescension and goodness, which reanimated her drooping spirits, while he assured her that she had no cause to be afflicted, but might keep herself perfectly easy. He then called his steward, ordered him to write her a receipt in full, and to see every thing returned that had been taken from her husband. His Grace then put the receipt into her hand, and told her that he had enquired into her husband's character, and found that he was a very honest man, and had long been his tenant; and giving her thirty guineas, he desired her to go home, and rejoice with her family,

ORIGIN OF MUSIC AND THE LYRE.

The Hermes, or Mercury, of the Egyptians, surnamed Trismegistus, or Thrice Illustrious, who was, according to Newton, the secretary to Osiris, is reported to have been the *inventor of Music*, according to Apollodorus, under the following circumstances:—The Nile having overflowed its banks, and inundated the whole country of Egypt, on its return to its customary bounds left on the shores various dead ani-

mals, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which, being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, and these being tightened and constructed by the drying heat, became *sonorous*. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against this shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced, that the idea of the lyre suggested itself to his imagination. The first instrument he constructed was in the form a *tortoise*, and was strung with the dried sinews of dead animals. There is something beautiful in this allegory, which leads us into a conception of the energetic powers of the human mind in the early ages of the world, thus directed to a discovery of the capabilities of Nature by the fingers of Omnipotence in the form of accident.

This fanciful mode of accounting for the origin of music is thus curiously alluded to in Brewer's *Lingua*:

—"The lute was first devised
In imitation of a tortoise' back,
Whose sinews, parched by Apollo's beams,
Echo'd about the concave of the shell;
And seeing the shortest and smallest gave
shrillest sound,
They found out frets, where sweet diversity,
Well touched by the skilful learned fingers,
Roused so strange a multitude of chords.
And the opinion many to confirm,
Because testudo signifies a lute."

The first organ that ever was seen in Europe was sent to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

Intelligence.

A Translation of Baron Larrey's new work, entitled, a Collection of Surgical Observations, with Notes, is preparing by the Translator for publication, by Mr. Duglison, of Prescott-street.

A New Edition (being the 7th) of Conversations on Chemistry, is preparing for the press with considerable additions.

The author of the Bachelor and the Married Man, Hesitation, &c. will shortly publish a new Novel, entitled, the Woman of Genius.

The Rev. S. Burder, A. M. is preparing a New Edition of his Oriental Customs, or an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by an explanatory application of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations, and especially of the Jews therein alluded to; this edition will be considerably enlarged.

Miss A. M. Porter is writing a Romance, to be entitled Roche Blanc, or the Hunters of the Pyrennees.

Dr. Watkins, author of the General Biographical Dictionary, will shortly publish a work consisting of Memoirs of Self-educated Persons, who by their own exertions have risen to eminence in literature and science.

Miss Benger is engaged in Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots.

A new edition is in the press with considerable additions, of Systematic Education, or Elementary Instruction in the various departments of Literature and Science, with Practical Rules for studying each Branch of useful Knowledge, by the Rev. W. Shepherd, the Rev. J. Joyce, and the Rev. Lant Carpenter, L.L.D.